LIBERTY

NOV. 14, 1942 10¢

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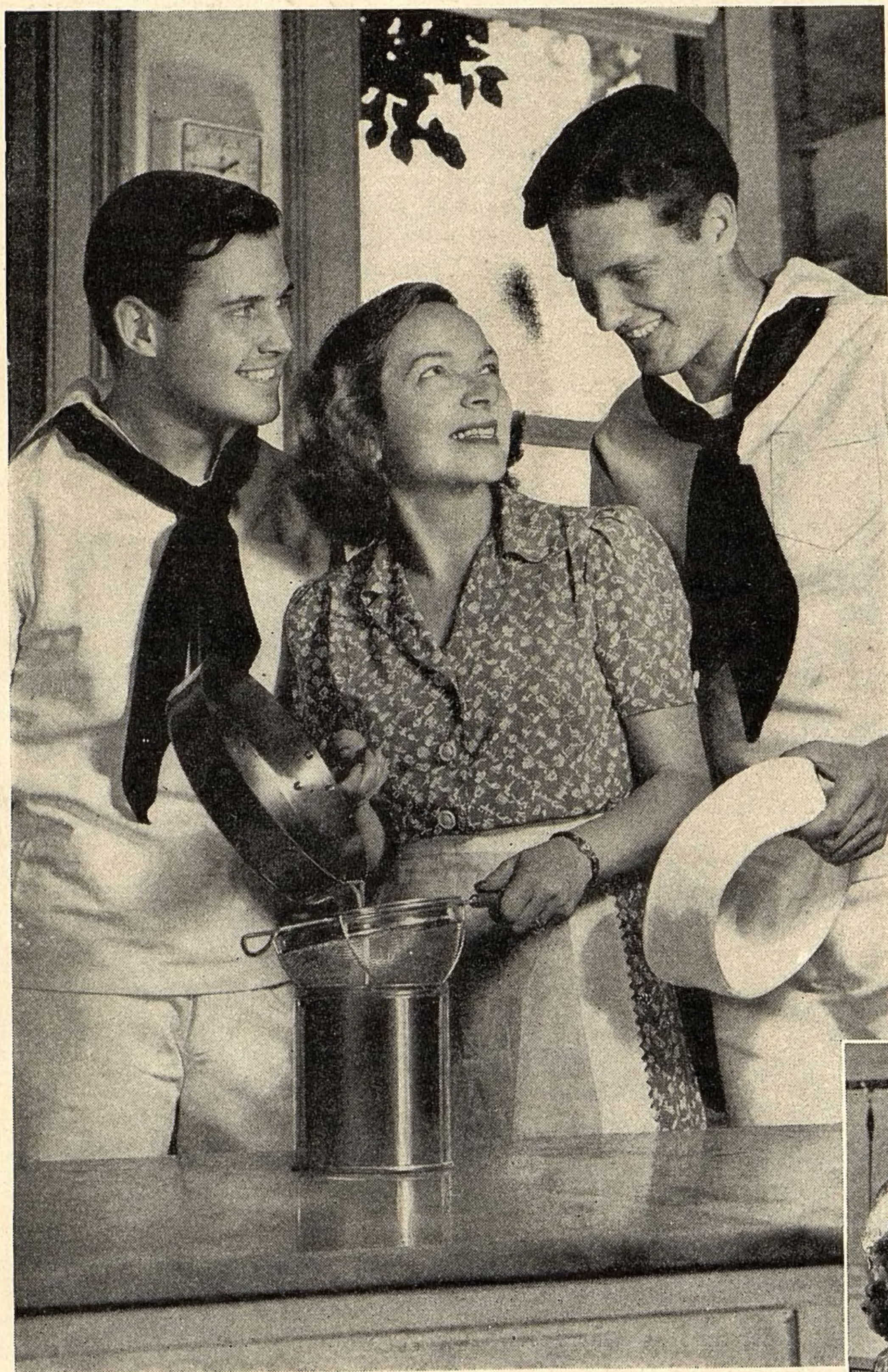
Ivan Dmit

AIR POWER IS NOT ENOUGH!

Our Fighting Flyers Talk Back

HELEN HAYES shows the Navy how she saves *waste kitchen fats* to help stop the Japs



"I AM sure I don't know as much about making explosives as most soldiers and sailors do about the stage.

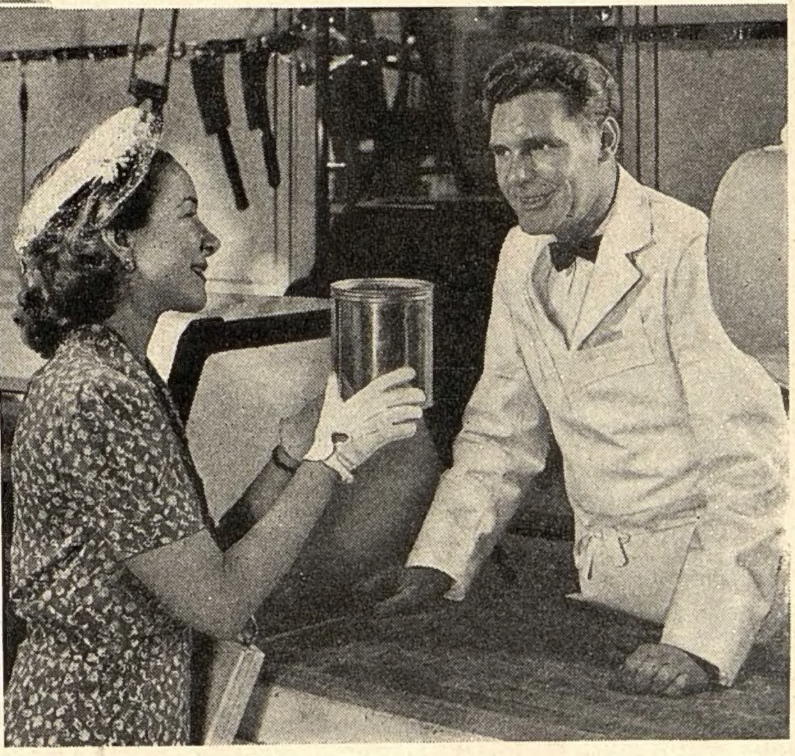
"But lately I've learned these things: that kitchen fats make glycerine, and glycerine makes the powder charge that drives millions of shells from the guns of the United Nations.

"I'm told that a single pound of kitchen grease will make two anti-aircraft shells. So you can bet that not one drop of waste fat in my house ever goes down the drain. Instead, I send it back to my meat dealer—and on its way to the war. I'm making it a wartime habit—are you?"

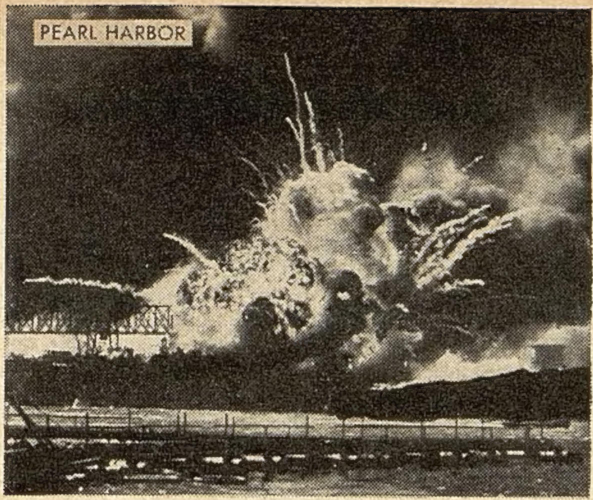
Helen Hayes

"Take it to your meat dealer," says Miss Hayes, "after you've collected a pound or more. He is cooperating patriotically, and will pay you for your fats and start them on their way to the war. But help him by delivering early in the week."

How do you save it? In the kitchen of her Nyack, New York, home Helen Hayes shows some visiting sailors. Every kind of waste kitchen fat—after you've got the cooking good from it—is strained into a clean, wide-mouthed can. Bacon grease, drippings, used vegetable shortening—everything. Don't use glass or paper bags. Keep in a cool, dark place.



SAVE WASTE FATS TO MAKE EXPLOSIVES



LIBERTY
Nov. 14, 1942

WHY WE FIGHT

THE Japs clipped us with a sneak punch before we knew the fight was on. Thus our rage against Japan rests upon solid physical ground and is proof against any argument whatsoever for a negotiated peace.

We remember Pearl Harbor and always will, but we must also remember that as far as the Nazis are concerned, Pearl Harbor is the least of the reasons why we fight.

Let us list the crimes of our European enemy and know once and for all Pearl Harbor was merely the beginning of our war, not the reason we are in it. The Nazis have done the following acts which are repugnant to all free people:

They seized control of Germany through lies and treachery.

Once in power, they suppressed all freedom, tortured, imprisoned, and murdered all suspected of disagreeing with them.

They invented the concentration camp and made of it a symbol of savagery, brutality, and ferocity.

They seized upon the minds and bodies of German youth, tore out all that was good and kind, withheld the truth and systematically instilled false history, hate, blood lust, and paganism.

They persecuted, robbed, and degraded helpless minority groups within their borders.

They broke promises and violated solemn treaties with their neighbors and with ourselves.

They turned aside all efforts by honest men, including our own President, to avert the impending tragedy of war.

At length, they "shut the gates of mercy on mankind," as they had on their own people, and with the lie of friendship still on their lips attacked and overran one small weak nation after another.

They beat to their knees our friends Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Luxemburg, Yugoslavia, and Greece.

They assailed our mother country, England, loosing over her populous cities and towns a hell of destruction that would shame even savages.

They enslaved the people of the countries they had conquered. Using systematic starvation as a weapon, they forced conquered civilians, as well as prisoners of war, to work at making munitions to enslave others and hold themselves in perpetual slavery.

They shot hostages without trial, violating our cardinal rule of justice that no man shall be held accountable for an act in which he himself did not have a hand.

They wiped out whole towns in reprisal for individual acts which a more humane people would recognize and respect as acts of patriotism.

Where the civilian population of a country inconvenienced their plans, they cold-bloodedly set out to exterminate it.

They robbed the conquered countries of food and callously watched thousands die of starvation in the streets.

They ruthlessly uprooted and moved whole populations from one area to another, separating mothers from children and wives from husbands in the process.

They forced women of conquered countries—wives, mothers, and young girls—into brothels for the amusement of the German soldiery.

They shamed the dignity of man, debased the human spirit, and sent mankind "reeling back into the beast."

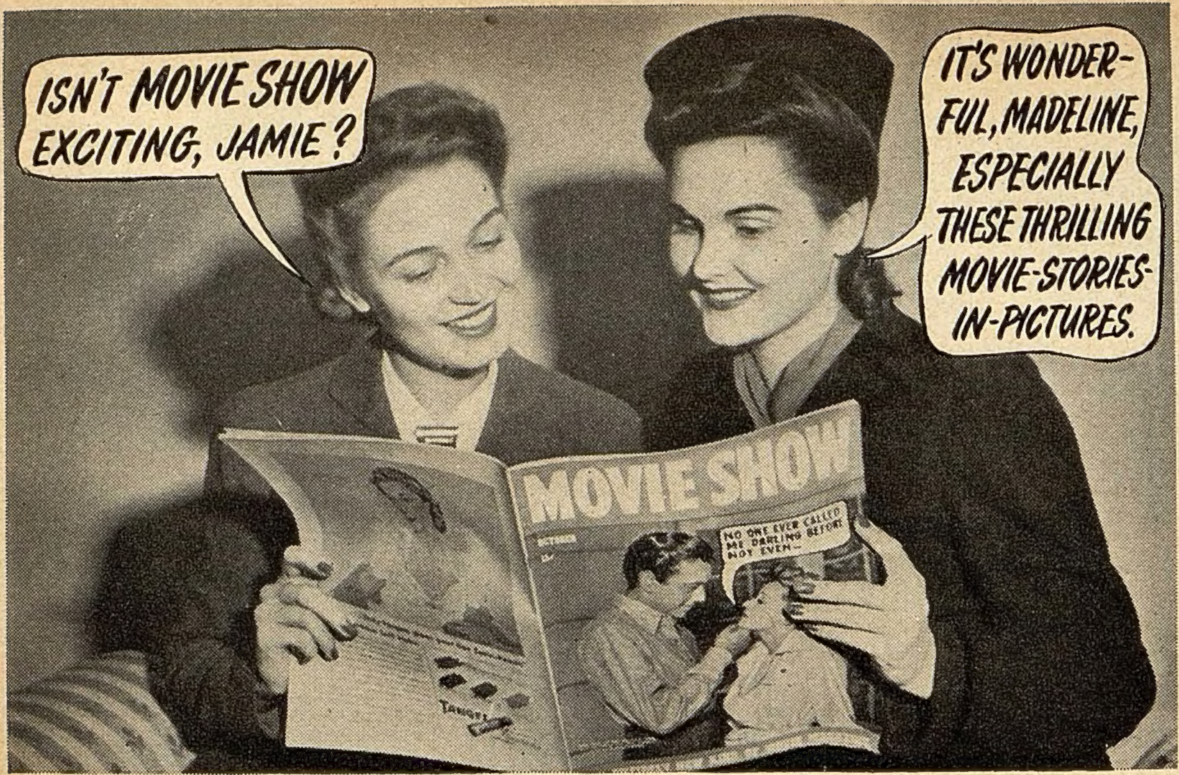
Considering the above indictment, it is of minor consequence that they sank our ships, browbeat our citizens, sent spies and saboteurs among us, and urged on the Japs to Pearl Harbor.

Whenever before in human reckoning has there been such a list of crimes and such a welter of blood crying out for vengeance?

Who can talk of negotiation or compromise with the Nazi fiends or any other outcome of the conflict but their total and final annihilation? Pearl Harbor will suffice to sustain our rage against the Japs; we need no Pearl Harbor to insure our perseverance against the Nazis.

America at long last and with reluctance has put her hand to this task. She will not turn from it till dignity and justice are restored to the human race and gentleness, truth, and right once more prevail over the face of the earth.

Paul Hunter


ISN'T MOVIE SHOW EXCITING, JAMIE?
IT'S WONDERFUL, MADELINE, ESPECIALLY THESE THRILLING MOVIE-STORIES-IN-PICTURES.
MOVIE SHOW

Madeline Williamson and Jamie Sue Helms, lovely members of the exclusive John Robert Powers School at 247 Park Avenue, New York City, enjoy the first issue of the exciting, new, screen magazine, MOVIE SHOW. The December issue is now on sale at your newsstand.

Have you read MOVIE SHOW, the exciting, entirely different kind of screen magazine? If not, you have a big thrill in store for you. Seldom, if ever, has a new screen magazine won such universal acclaim. Screen stars and public alike agree that MOVIE SHOW is different, absorbing, sensational! It sets a new high in quality and entertainment.

Go to your newsstand today and get a copy of the December issue of MOVIE SHOW. You have never seen a screen magazine like it! You will enjoy the photo-dramas of the top shows with scenes and dialogue right from the movies . . . absorbing, fiction stories based on movie plots . . . full-page color pictures of headline stars . . . complete photographic coverage of Hollywood people and events . . . dramatic new handling of beauty and fashion!

HERE'S WHY MOVIE SHOW'S READERS ARE SO ENTHUSIASTIC

Look at this list of the great features in the December issue:

1 The stories of the latest pictures done in photo-dramatizations:

"ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON" starring Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant.

"WHITE CARGO" starring Hedy Lamarr and Walter Pidgeon.

"CRASH DIVE" starring Tyrone Power. And many more movie-stories-in-pictures.

2 Beautiful, full-page, natural color portraits, including:

ANN SHERIDAN
GARY COOPER
JOAN LESLIE

3 Intimate "in person" stories of Judy Garland, Linda Darnell, Ann Rutherford and Tyrone Power.

4 Hollywood news and gossip.

5 Brief, right-to-the-point reviews.

6 Exclusive, pictorial features of important Hollywood events.

7 "The School for Beauty" conducted by John Robert Powers . . . creator of the world-famous "Powers Girl."

Newsstand copies are being snapped up so fast that we cannot be sure of keeping up with the demand for the next few issues. To be sure to get your copy of the December issue, go to your newsstand TODAY! You'll agree that this entirely different kind of screen magazine is packed with thrills and you will want to reserve future issues of exciting MOVIE SHOW from your news dealer in advance.

Get your copy of the December MOVIE SHOW at your newsstand today

MOVIE SHOW

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Paul Hunter, Publisher.

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NEXT WEEK

NOVEMBER 21, 1942

NOT TURNER BUT TANKS

There are no starry-eyed heroines in the latest movies our soldiers are attending in hordes. Tanks and machine guns play the leading roles. And screws and engine parts cavort in animated cartoons instead of Donald Duck. The story of how the army is producing pictures to help train troops—how Hollywood technique and trappings have been put to military use—is told next week in THEY FIGHT WITH FILM, by ROBERT T. FURMAN, JR.

SILVER GOES TO WORK

J. C. FURNAS' HI-YO, SILVER, has nothing to do with the Lone Ranger's horse. It's about the white metal we usually think of in connection with wedding presents. You'll be surprised at what it can do in industry. And if you were one to whom our reckless buying of world silver seemed a mistake, you'll be relieved to know that it may help us in winning the war.

ARE DRAFT BOARDS TOUGH—OR JUST SMART?

If a young man earning thirty dollars a week and claiming to be the sole support of his parents pays fifty dollars a month for rent and keeps a car, what would *you* think if you were on his draft board? In an eye-opening article next week, a board member reveals how this and other cases were handled. YOU AND YOUR DRAFT BOARD will open your eyes to the lengths would-be evaders will go to cheat Uncle Sam and their fellow citizens who register honestly.

AND: Fiction by MABEL BROWN FARWELL, M. O'MORAN, and FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE. . . . Another generous helping of the LESLIE CHARTERIS serial. . . . A vivid, strikingly illustrated article on the Commando training our boys are getting, plus the usual features and fun. An issue you'll like!

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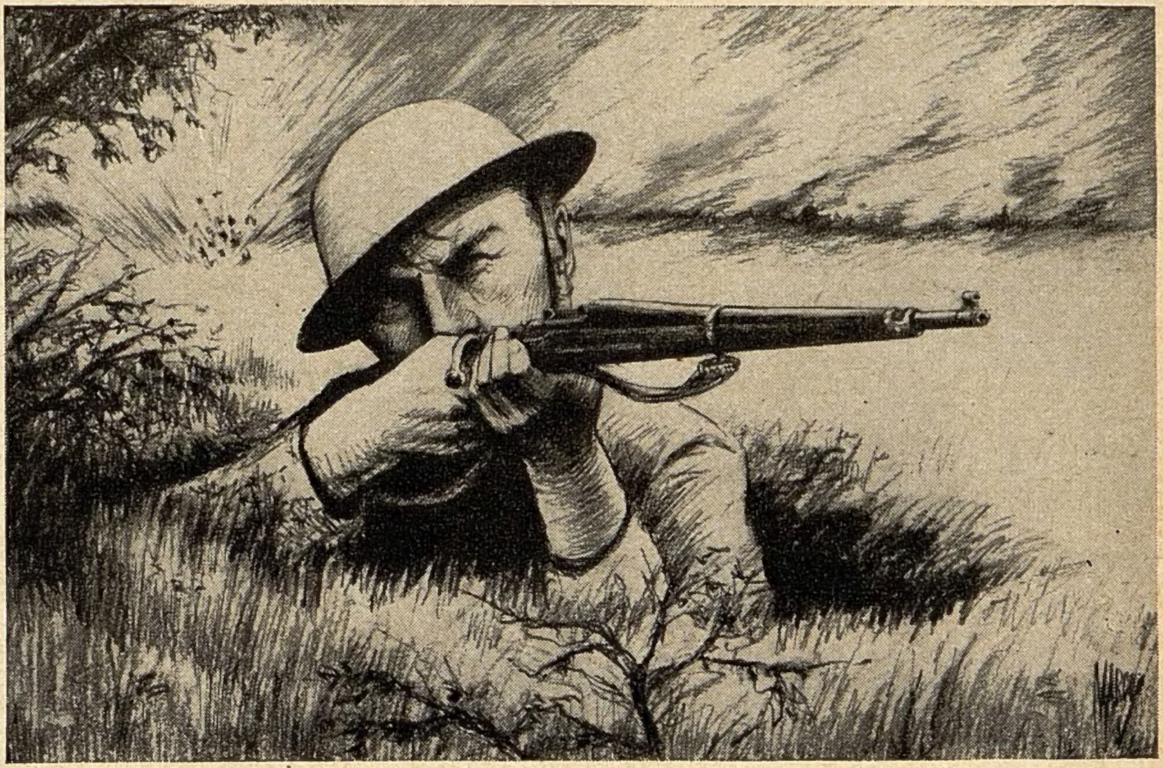
$18.75 buys JUST SO MANY bullets



BUT SUPPOSE HE NEEDS *MORE?*

What's he going to do : : : *Give up?* NEVER . . . *Die?* MAYBE.

Because YOU held back about buying another War Savings Bond?

The tough, fresh, brave young men in our Army, from boyhood practice with BB's and 22's, are the best marksmen in the world.

But it's no good any soldier being brave, if he hasn't got *bullets*.

It costs *money* to get material to our boys . . . get it fast enough and far enough . . . to keep them fed, clothed, and SHOOTING!

It takes money for bullets, guns and medicines, for tanks, planes and ships. To win, we've not only got to put our men and plants to work for this war. We've got to put our *money* to work, too.

How to buy a share in Victory

Where's the money coming from?

YOU'RE going to chip it in, out of the money you are getting TODAY. Instead of spending it all, why not lend at least 10% to Uncle Sam? He'll put it to work for America. He will give you a written promise to pay it back in 10 years, with interest (2.9% a year). If that promise isn't good, *nothing's* good. But because this is America, it IS good.

How can you chip in?

By buying War Savings Bonds. You can buy one today for $18.75. It is worth $25.00 when Uncle Sam pays you back in 10 years.

INSTALLMENT payments?

Yes! If you can't spare $18.75 today, buy War Savings Stamps for 10¢ or 25¢ or 50¢. Ask for a Stamp book, save a bookful of Stamps, then exchange them for a War Savings Bond.

What IS a BOND?

A piece of legal paper, official promise from Uncle Sam that he'll pay you back your money plus interest. The Bond will be registered in your name. Keep it safely put away.

Can you CASH a Bond?

Yes, any time 60 days after you buy it, if you get in a jam and need money, you can cash a Bond (at Post Office or bank).

WHERE can you buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps?

At your nearest Post Office. At a bank. At many stores all over the country.

WHEN?

Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?

★ *Buy War Savings Stamps and Bonds NOW!*

This advertisement has been prepared entirely as a patriotic gift to the Government. The art work, copy, composition and plating, as well as the space in this magazine, have been donated by all concerned as part of their effort toward helping win the War

AIR POWER IS NOT ENOUGH!

Could gigantic land-based planes smash the Axis—in time? Here are facts from the front. Remember them!

> **OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY**
>
> **This article is based on interviews and discussions with ranking air officers of our armed forces who have participated in some of the major actions of this war. Owing to policy, the names of these officers may not be revealed while we are still at war.**

VICTORY in this war will not and cannot come through air power alone.

A year ago very few Americans in their right minds would have questioned this statement. Today it is challenged on all sides. The tried and proven theories of modern warfare are fast falling into what is resembling a state of widespread disrepute. Despite the bitter lessons of the war—lessons learned at the cost of millions of lives since September, 1939—writers responsible only to themselves have been preaching a theory of air power which attacks nearly every principle employed by the air leaders of all armies and navies.

This new cure-all and end-all theory of air warfare is now as familiar as your neighborhood's blackout regulations. In a sentence it dismisses aircraft carriers, surface ships, all sea and land power as useless—and offers land-based, long-range bombing and fighting planes as the sole key to victory. According to its leading spokesmen, navies, land armies, and rifles are antiquated and should be retired—for land planes, based on our shores, will cross the oceans, smite our enemies, and win the war while the enemies, no doubt, flee in terror.

To be sure, this sounds like the best of all conceivable ways to win. It is the martial equivalent of taking a swim without getting wet. It is also, alas, just as impossible.

This super-air-power theory is not the first cure-all to be dreamed up during the course of a long, bitter war.

Unlike most of its historical predecessors, however, it has passed far beyond the cracker-barrel stage. It is even assuming the proportions of a major crusade, with its own well ballyhooed handbooks, its major prophets, and its growing assortment of misguided converts in many walks of our national life.

The one major result to date has been the creation among us of a new sort of Maginot mentality. Just as the French nation was lulled into a sense of false security by sublime faith in the Maginot Line, many of the followers of this new conception of war-making are utterly convinced that only the execution of it stands between the United Nations and victory over the Axis.

The unfortunate record of modern times has proved again and again that untruths and half-truths, if repeated often enough, gain wide acceptance at their face values. In saying this, we are not accusing the leading prophets of the air-power-wins-by-itself school of deliberate untruthfulness. Most if not all of them are undoubtedly sincere in their beliefs. But sincerity—like air power—is not enough. At least, not in this war. Unless the limitations of this new theory are understood by every one—behind the lines, at the front, and in the editorial rooms of many newspapers—our national morale may well be heading toward a quagmire unparalleled in the history of warfare.

Let us therefore examine this Aladdin's Lamp of victory in the cold light of facts and experience.

The very heart of the theory is created out of airplanes that just do not exist.

The two principal weapons of this dream arsenal are bombers which will fly 10,000 miles with a load of twenty-five tons of explosives, and fighter

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES

PHOTO FROM EUROPEAN

Aircraft carriers are useless? Take a look at the air force from one American carrier!

planes which will accompany these bombers on their nonstop flights from New York to Berlin and back.

On paper, these bombers are clearly superior to the largest bomber America now has—the B-24, our four-motored Flying Fortress, which can fly 3,500 miles with two tons of bombs, or 2,500 miles with four tons. And these projected escort fighters are clearly superior to the British Spitfires, which can carry just about enough gas to make one short sweep over France and then return to their home bases.

There is, however, many a slip between typewriter and total victory. In actual use, the B-24—like every other plane, military or commercial—does not do all the things it can do on paper. Only with perfect conditions and at low maximum-range flying speeds can the B-24 cruise for 3,500 miles. In combat service the engines use more gas, and added ammunition and equipment increase the total weight of the ship.

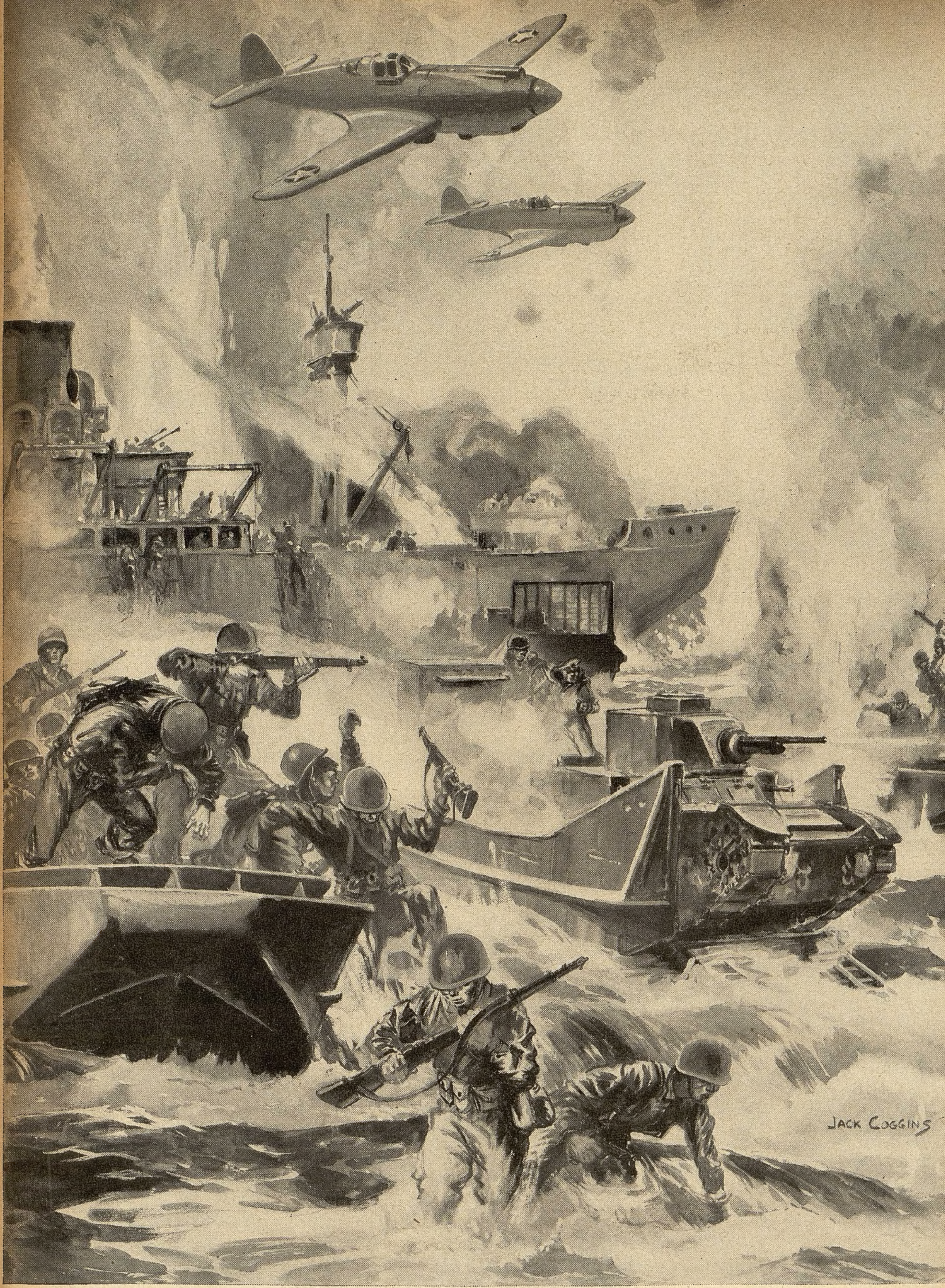
The range of any battle plane is further shortened by the safety factors. Navigational errors occur, equipment can be damaged during an engagement, landing fields can be bombed, and weather conditions can change. Therefore for all practical purposes 25 per cent of the theoretical cruising range of all warplanes is automatically deducted in any operational calculation. Another 15 per cent is allowed for the extent to which any airplane in service usually falls below drawing-board theory. This adds up to a cool 40 per cent—and it brings the range of those envisioned super-fighters and super-bombers down to a maximum of 6,000 miles.

While 6,000 miles is quite a range, it is not enough to make possible the use of New York and California as bases of air-power operations against Germany and Japan.

However, let us concede for a moment that the dazzling bombers and fighters taken for granted in those best-selling handbooks will have a theoretical range of 15,000 miles and an actual range of 10,000 miles. They would have to be big enough to dwarf any airplane ever built. The B-24 has a wingspread of 110 feet. The experimental and still somewhat impractical B-19 has a wingspread of 212 feet. The super-warplanes of the dream fleet would need a wingspread of at least 300 feet.

Planes of this size have never been built. They would require new engines, developed from scratch, and putting out horsepowers not yet in sight. Perhaps planes so immense really can be built and flown. Let us concede that they can be designed. How would they fare in combat with the enemy?

On the basis of known factors in the science of aviation, a fleet of these super-planes flying against Germany or Japan would be shot out of the skies like stationary clay pigeons. The weight of the enormous gasoline loads they would have to carry could not help but cut down their maneuverability and climb. They would be so large that they would no longer be fighters. Once they crawled within range of the light, fast, heavily armed



JACK COGGINS

1943 fighter planes of the enemy, their clumsiness and their bulk would make them almost ideal targets for aerial cannon and heavy machine guns. Once their fighter support was lost, the bombers would become sitting ducks. And what few planes the enemy fighters might miss would be but a small force of limited striking power.

Dive bombers, one of the most useful weapons of this war, could not exist in the super-fleet. The very nature of dive-bombing strains demands that the plane be kept small. It must be highly maneuverable in action, and the added strength that must be built into it to keep it from disintegrating in the pull-out accounts for nearly half its weight. Building this added strength into a dive bomber with a range of 10,000 miles would be quite a trick. Discovering a test pilot brave enough to attempt to fly it would be an even greater trick.

The huge ships of the dream fleet in action would have to fly at higher altitudes than most planes of today. Altitude would be their only advantage over, say, a Focke-Wulf-190 fighter. At high altitudes the bombardier's chances of hitting his target are much less than they are at lower levels. To assure greater accuracy, fighter-protected bombers make their bombing runs at low altitudes. We doubt very much if some of the prophets of the super-air-power school would care to sit in the cockpit of one of their lumbering giant super-planes as it started a bombing run across Berlin at an altitude which would insure hits.

Those of us who have seen action in this war see only one possibility of success for this dream air fleet. Flying against an enemy completely bereft of all ground and all winged air protection, the proposed giant bombers could indeed win any war. Opposed by antiaircraft guns or speedy fighter planes, they would not stand a chance of returning to their bases.

THIS, however, is the mildest criticism of the proposed victory fleet. The fact still remains that not only do the planes for this fleet not exist but neither does scientific proof that they can be built.

It took more than four years to develop the prototype of the Martin Mars. The B-17 was the result of four years of intensive development. Very few of the planes used by any nation in this war represent less than five years of development. All this experience warrants the assumption that it would take a minimum of four years to develop even the prototype models of super-bombers and the super-fighters that we are told could bring us victory. And prototypes are usually a long way from the production lines.

"But," cry the proponents of the super-air-power theory, "this is only because the army and the navy lack imagination!" They lay the blame for the lack of their super-planes in 1942 directly in the laps of the generals and the admirals. Pointing their ink-stained fingers in the direction of Washington, they grab the nearest microphone and holler: "Brass hats are stifling our air power! Their minds are still bogged down in World War I!"

Conveniently, they forget that the private airplane industry—completely unencumbered with brass hats, battleship admirals and infantry generals—has not drawn ahead of the army and navy in the air progress race. Surely the private plane builders and operators have not been blind to the profit possibilities in luxurious air liners with a 10,000-mile cruising range and able to carry twenty-five tons of paying passengers and cargo. Up to the beginning of this war our private manufacturers increased the size and range of their passenger planes only to the Stratoliner and Clipper stage.

THE Stratoliner, a 45,000-pound giant with a 107-foot wingspread, is designed to cruise 2,340 miles with a *reduced* pay load. Its maximum capacity is thirty-eight passengers, but the weight of the sleeper equipment limits the number to twenty-one. The Boeing Clipper, whose 84,000 pounds include a wingspread of 152 feet, has a theoretical cruising range when empty of 4,000 miles. On paper, the Clipper carries eighty-nine passengers and crew. In practice, it carries sixty passengers on the 728-mile trip to Bermuda, but only thirty on the New York-Lisbon run.

Manufacturers and air-line operators have been called many things in the past twenty years. Not even their worst enemies, however, would accuse them of deliberately turning their backs on business profits. And the profit motive, to date, has not brought about the commercial prototypes of those dream warplanes.

The "brass hats" angle of the propagandists' arguments should not be discussed without reducing them to their logical absurdities. Let us assume that we brass hats really do place our faith in the tried and tested weapons of World War I.

On paper, it is just as easy to design huge submarines and coastal guns as it is to design huge airplanes. I mean submarines the size of the Normandie, immense submersible fortresses whose torpedo tubes would send scads of 2,000-ton torpedoes crashing into enemy ships and harbors.

On paper, it is likewise easy to design fifty-inch guns which, mounted in Bermuda, or even New York, could rain death and destruction on Berlin.

These amazing weapons would perhaps be an even better guaranty of painless and effortless victory than the dream planes of the air-power-alone publicists. They are also scientifically just as far from the grim realities of this war.

All the super-plane boosters join in demanding that all troops and freight of this war be transported by air. In itself, the concept of air transportation is, of course, a good one. We need all the planes we can get for these jobs, and we are doing everything we can to get them.

It is impossible, though, to build a million planes a year in 1943. It takes 200 transports of the type now available to fly 4,000 troops with oversea equipment. Only astronomical figures could be used in estimating the number of transport and cargo planes required for dispatching American expeditionary forces across the Atlantic or the Pacific and supplying them with all they need. It takes one ton of supplies to maintain one soldier for one month of combat service.

Construction of a fleet of planes large enough to do these jobs would take at least five years.

We have no intention of delaying our war upon the enemy until 1947. The war has to be fought and won now, with weapons we can produce in large numbers. It is therefore doubly important that every one shall understand how air power is actually used in this war.

SO much has been written about the new super-plane theory that the real role of air power—and particularly carrier-based air power—has been obscured. The facts are as simple to grasp as are the fancies of those who would deny them.

Air power is basically a long-range super-artillery of a new type. As such, it is one of the most important weapons of modern war. By itself, air power cannot win wars. But lack of adequate air power can lose wars. So can lack of adequate sea power, land power, tank power, production power, agricultural power, or man power.

Since air power, used in co-ordination with all other forces, is so important, it goes without saying that the greater our air forces become, the closer we approach to victory. It is equally obvious that all of our other arms must progress as rapidly.

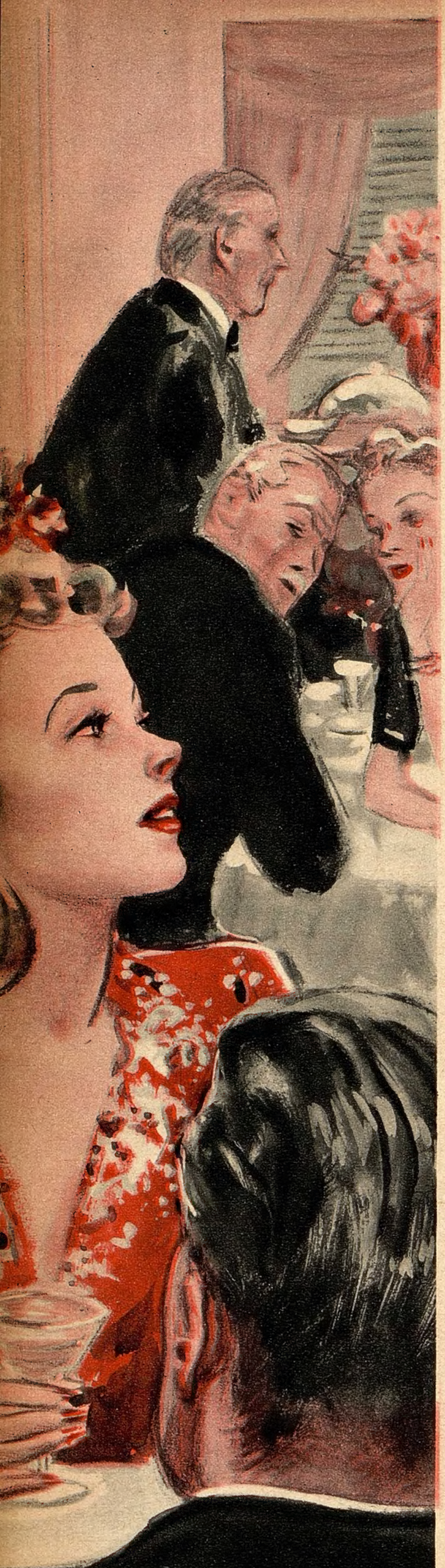
The air power of both our armed services has been writing its own comments on the super-plane theories—writing them in golden letters in the skies over the battle fronts of the world. A study of the combined operations which led to the capture of the Solomon Islands will show you how air power actually functions.

The islands were 800 miles from our nearest land base when the operations began on August 7. Land-based army bombers carried on reconnaissance and did some preliminary bombing. This is a long range even for our present types. Bomb loads at this range are small. The range is too great to permit the use of land-based fighters or dive bombers, needed for flattening the enemy's guns and strafing his troops.

Navy aircraft carriers, protected by umbrellas of their own fighter planes, sailed to within perhaps sixty miles of the enemy strongholds. Only after the carrier-based bombers and fighters had softened up these advance bases could they be taken. Amphibian land-

(*Continued on page 42*)

Opposite page: "Bases will be softened by air power and taken by ground forces, which will reach the fronts by sea and by air."



Harry Randall was there, straight and handsome. His gray eyes were warm. "Lorna, you're looking swell!" he said.

SPECIFICATIONS

Courage doesn't depend on khaki, nor is a woman's heart an open book for even her husband to read

BY WILLIAM ROUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BAILEY

WHEN he saw that look on his wife's face as Harry, straight and fine in his uniform, came into the crowded country-club grill, he knew it wasn't working out. He knew it, and he said it. He said, "It's not working out, Lorna. You're still set on him." To himself, he added, "It's the uniform; he's a fighter, I'm a producer."

He tried to control his bitterness the way he'd taught beginners at the plant to control the gas flow—crack the by-pass just enough to keep the pressure below the danger point. The catch was that you can't crack or close valves in your *guts!*

Her hair was brown, and her eyes were blue—not just any shade—and now her brown hair, long and curling, swished from one golden shoulder to the other, and her blue eyes remembered he was there.

"Joe, I—"

"Never mind," he said. "You're just not the rebound type."

"Joe—don't!"

"O. K., O. K.! Wave at him. Get him over. Everybody's watching." Joe felt naked. He knew what they were thinking—his thoughts. He knew what they were saying—his words: "Joe has her but she still belongs to Harry. She might have stuck it out, but Harry's different in a uniform."

He tortured himself by trying to read Lorna's eyes as Harry came toward the table. He'd told her how it was with him, right after Pearl Harbor, when the draft board refused to release him for enlistment. "WPB says I'm one of the top producers," he'd said, "but it doesn't seem right, somehow, to be in the plant instead of a trench or a tank or—"

Lorna had seemed to understand it, for she'd said, "You're the kind of guy has to shove in all the chips when the game's worth-while. I know, Joe."

"Now you've got it, hon," he said quickly, gratefully. "No matter how much I do at home, I always feel that a guy out there, ready to take it, is doing more. I even wonder if I *could* take it, if I could stand up, man to man, against those Nazappies and make them crack first." He'd moved his thick shoulders restlessly, a stocky young man, scorning himself. "Maybe I'm nuts," he said. "Am I nuts, hon?"

First Lorna had said the right thing. She'd said, "You're a normal Republican."

Then she'd said the wrong thing. She'd said, "Leave the shooting to guys like Harry. He's the warrior type."

That spoiled everything. That spoiled the whole build-up, for it had been Harry's eager acceptance of active duty, his casual postponing of cherished plans that had lost him Lorna.

She'd been hurt, crushed, at his running out. She'd frankly said no, she wouldn't promise to wait. Oh, fine, but—that was *before* Pearl Harbor!

See the difference now? Harry's uniform didn't symbolize escape now. It was duty. It was sacrifice. And Harry was a warrior, and to the brave belong the fair.

Joe wanted to curse. He wanted to tell them all where to go. Most of all, he wanted to hit Harry Randall—with his eyes on Lorna, to see just how much hurting him would hurt her.

But nothing comes of it, he knew. What can you do? You sit there and watch your wife suck her soul up into her eyes—and what can you do?

"JOE—harya? Making whoopee instead of butadiene out of alcohol for a change?" Harry was there, straight and handsome, captain's bars on his shoulders. His lean body was vital as ever, but more controlled. It seemed the uniform tempered his energy, gave him a means of using it productively now, instead of dissipating it as he always had. His gray eyes were warm. "Lorna, you're looking swell!"

"Hi, Harry." Joe folded Harry's slim fingers in a broad palm. "What's up? On leave?"

Harry's chiseled nose wrinkled. "Fat chance of leave." He beckoned over his shoulder to a laconic, sleepy-eyed man. "Joe, this is Matson, F. B. I.," he said. "Matson, this is Joe Cinders, general superintendent at the plant. This is Mrs. Cinders. Joe knows all there is to know about the plant—and the men. The men are nuts about Joe. They slave for him. They break production records."

Matson took Joe's hand. "That's why we don't want anything going wrong with *this* plant. You're doing fine, Cinders."

RE UNIFORM

Joe said impatiently, "I just meet specifications." His brown eyes narrowed. "Why'd you say you're here, Matson?"

Matson's sleepy eyes went to Lorna. "I didn't say."

Harry said quickly, "She's O. K. . . . Look, Joe. There's skulduggery around here. They think so, anyway. They picked up another of those rubber rafts up near the Narrows. Some kids found it, and they figure it's been there upward of a month. That means whoever came in on it could be—"

"Could be working at the plant?" Joe cut in. "Look, Harry. I know my men. There's not one I wouldn't trust with—" Joe stopped.

"Yeh?" Matson challenged.

Joe said slowly, "That raft landed a month ago? . . . I took a guy on about then. Mechanic's helper. Name's Beck."

Harry pulled his eyes off Lorna. "More likely *von* Beck!"

Matson dived into a pocket. "This guy?"

Joe looked at a picture of a plump-faced blond man with innocent eyes. He moistened his lips. "That's him, but . . ."

"Hard to believe, eh?" Matson's eyes were less sleepy. "I know. The guy fakes a beaut of a Southern accent, brags he voted for Willkie, knows the batting average of every man on the Brooklyn Dodgers?"

Joe nodded.

"That's the way they work," Matson said. "He's an old-timer, ex-con. We tabbed him through fingerprints he left on the rubber raft."

Harry said intimately to Lorna, "This won't take long. We'll come back and make a night of it." He turned impatiently to Matson. "O. K. You tabbed him. Now let's *tag* him. That is, if he's working this shift."

"He is," Joe said.

"Then he's in a bottle," Harry said confidently. "I deployed a dozen soldiers around the plant. All we have to do is go in and take him. Let's go."

Joe didn't move for a second. It was sinking in.

"Yeh?" Harry said.

Joe swallowed. "Did Beck have any —uh—thing with him?"

Matson said, "You mean explosives? Sure. We found part of his cache.

Joe scraped his palms on his trousers. "*Part* of . . . Give me a second." He swerved toward a telephone booth.

Matson scowled. Harry shrugged, looked at Lorna, who sat perfectly still. "He's ordering the men out of the plant," she explained quietly. "He doesn't want anybody . . . else to be hurt."

Harry and Matson stared at each other. "Uh-oh," Harry said. "Maybe we don't want this guy in a bottle after all."

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES

"Not if he's had nearly a month to get set," Matson said.

Joe came out of the phone booth. "Beck's in the plant, all right," he said. "And every man on the shift knows the place is surrounded. The first thing you do when we get there, Harry, is call off your men."

"But my orders—"

Matson snapped, "Get going!"

The country club was three miles from Alto Chemical & Refining's riverfront plant. Matson's car had a siren. Going through the colored section, kids jumped back from the street, light reflecting from the whites of their eyes.

"WHAT did you do on the phone, Joe?" Harry asked.

"Ordered a fire drill."

Matson poured the car toward the plant. "No smart Heinie will be pulled into the open by a phony fire drill."

Joe growled, "I'm thinking of my men in case this backfires," and swung onto the running board as the musty, fetid smell of dead oil slapped his nostrils, and the subdued wartime lights of the plant threw into relief the sea of tanks and pipelike distillation columns above and beyond the twelve-foot barbed-wire-topped fence.

The vertical tanks were huge squatting dirty-silver cheeseboxes. The horizontal tanks were oversized iron sausages.

Joe waved at the gatekeeper. A soldier stepped out, bayonet fixed, recognized Harry, stepped back.

"Call 'em off," Joe ordered Harry and leaped inside the gate, where greasy overalled men formed a line. His eyes ranged the line. Beck's plump face was missing. Joe heaved a thumb over his shoulder. "Out," he ordered. "Clear the area." He put his hand on the shift superintendent's arm. "Where was Beck working?"

"One of the batch stills, chief. He was helping— Hey! They after *him*? Who'd've thunk it!"

Joe tuned his ears to the throbbing lunge of the big pumps, the overtones of the compressor house. They sounded O. K.

"Did you call off your men, Harry?"

"Joe—I can't. We've got to take this guy."

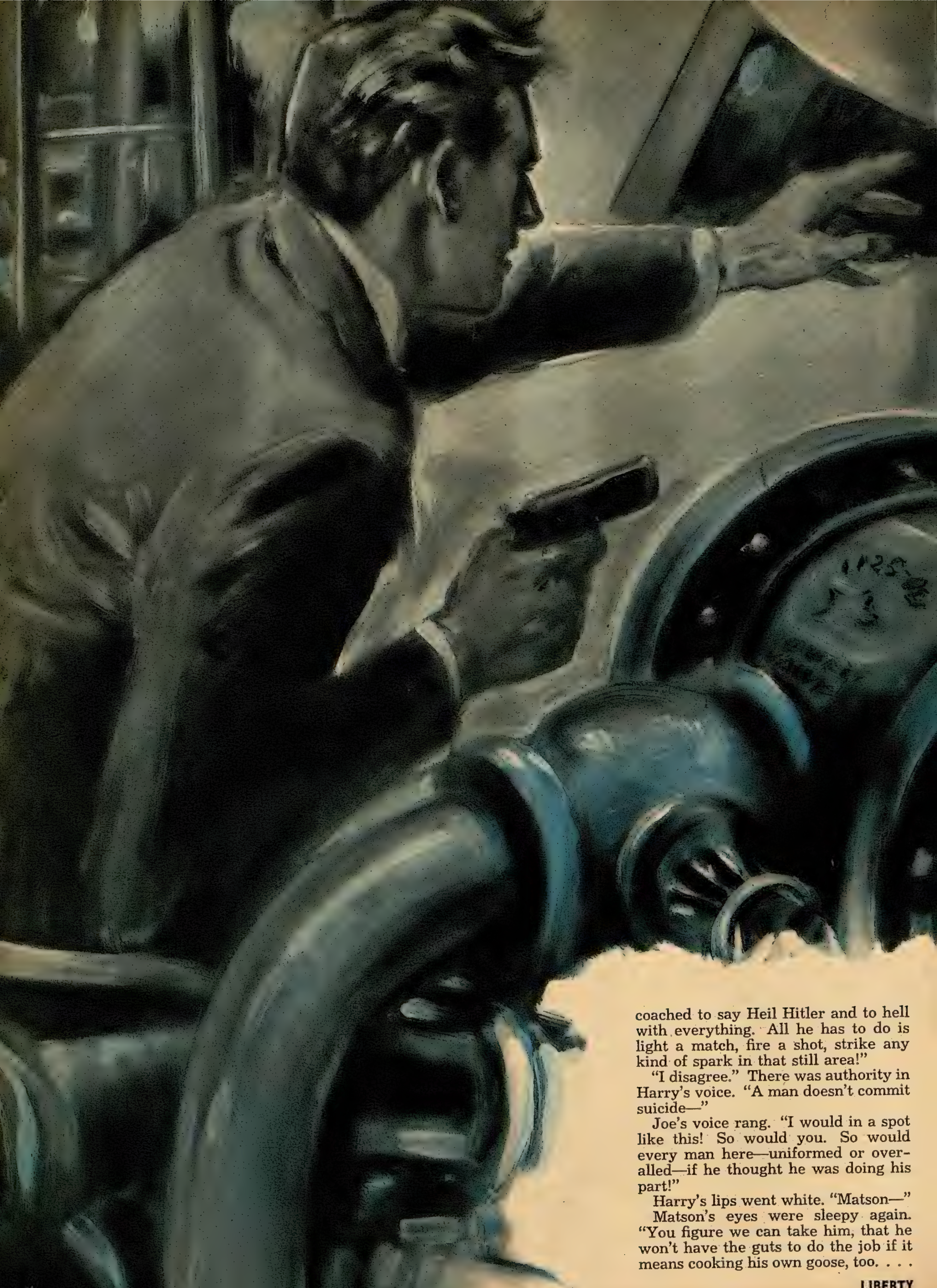
Joe's voice rumbled. "I said call them off!"

Harry's handsome face darkened. "I'm responsible for that man, Joe."

"And I'm responsible for *these* men," Joe lashed. "*And* the plant. *And* the people in the neighborhood. If this thing blows, it'll break windows two miles from here. They'll pick *us* up with tongs!"

"But surely Beck won't risk his own neck—"

"Dammit, why not? He's been



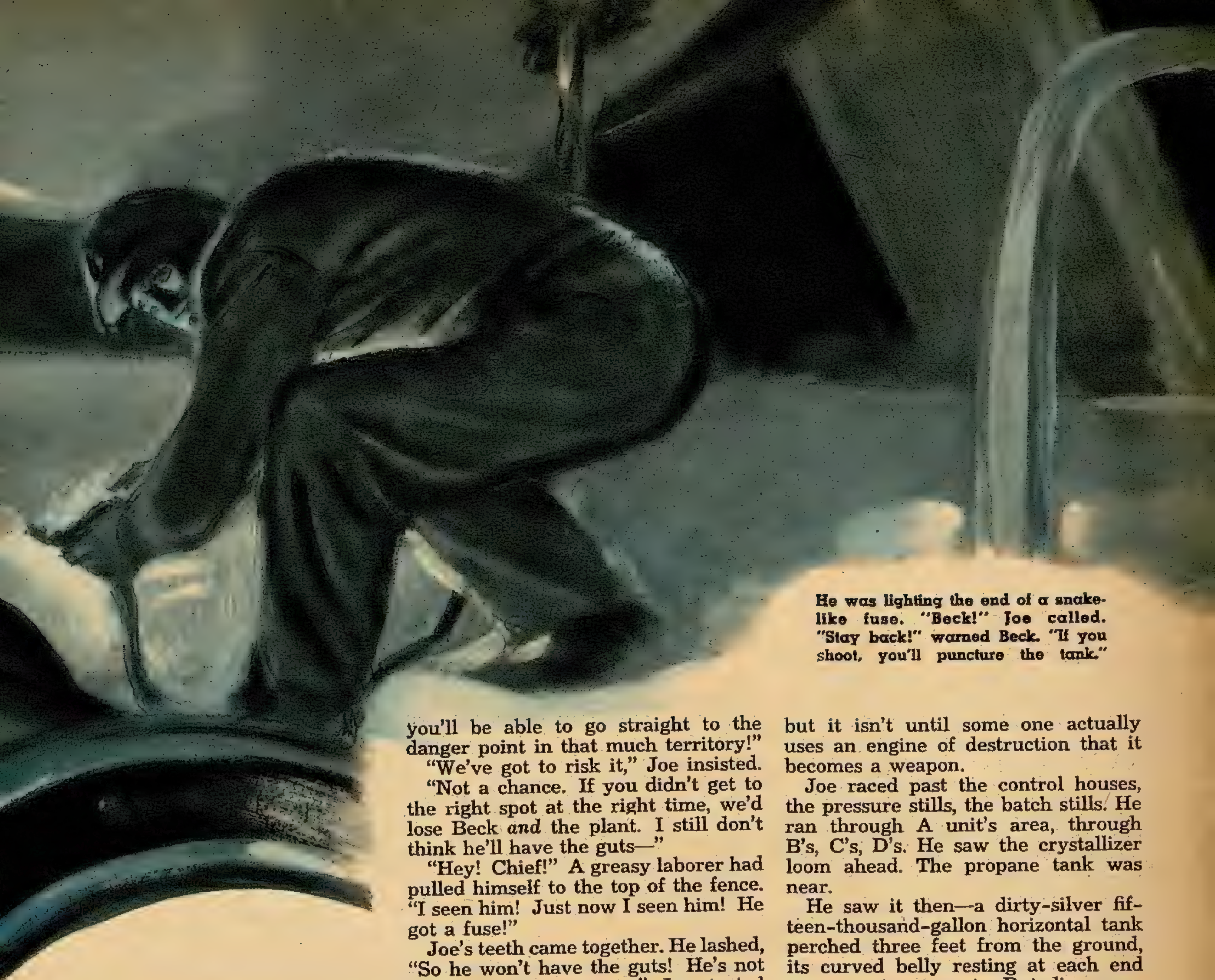
coached to say Heil Hitler and to hell with everything. All he has to do is light a match, fire a shot, strike any kind of spark in that still area!"

"I disagree." There was authority in Harry's voice. "A man doesn't commit suicide—"

Joe's voice rang. "I would in a spot like this! So would you. So would every man here—uniformed or overalled—if he thought he was doing his part!"

Harry's lips went white. "Matson—"

Matson's eyes were sleepy again. "You figure we can take him, that he won't have the guts to do the job if it means cooking his own goose, too. . . .



He was lighting the end of a snakelike fuse. "Beck!" Joe called. "Stay back!" warned Beck. "If you shoot, you'll puncture the tank."

I wouldn't want to make book on it." He studied Joe. "Can he see us coming?"

"My guess is he's on top of one of those columns," Joe said. "That hundred-and-ten-foot vacuum column, I'd say. If he is, he can see every move we make, here at the gate *and* on the river front. If he sees a gang closing in on him—"

"O. K.," Matson said. "Let's say we pull the guards. He sees it and grabs his chance. But . . . what's to stop him from doing a job on the way out?"

Joe sucked in his breath. It was true what Matson said. Beck could rupture a line on the way out and let an incendiary pencil lie near by, set fire to some oiled waste. He might be doing it now. It was only a guess that he was on top of a column. He might be anywhere. He might even, this minute, be heading for the tank farm, a mile away, where he could wreck things systematically.

Joe said the wrong thing. "This place is over a mile square," he said. "If Beck tries anything on his way out, he'll give himself time to get clear. And that'll give me time to—"

"That settles it!" Harry snapped. "Over a square mile—and you think you'll be able to go straight to the danger point in that much territory!"

"We've got to risk it," Joe insisted.

"Not a chance. If you didn't get to the right spot at the right time, we'd lose Beck *and* the plant. I still don't think he'll have the guts—"

"Hey! Chief!" A greasy laborer had pulled himself to the top of the fence. "I seen him! Just now I seen him! He got a fuse!"

Joe's teeth came together. He lashed, "So he won't have the guts! He's not even *trying* to get away." Joe started forward.

Harry said, "I'm with you."

"This is *my* job," Joe said, quietly now. "You don't know the plant. You wouldn't know when you're in an area where it's safe to shoot. Even so, we don't want bullets puncturing tanks. Get your men clear."

"I'm going with you," Harry repeated. "Matson, take over."

Joe murmured, "I said it's my job," and his big hand made a big fist that snapped cleanly to Harry's jaw. "Take him out," Joe said to Matson. "Get out yourself. No sense in wasting two men. I know right where to go, and I can go faster alone."

There was a ghost of a smile on Matson's lips. "I guess it's *your* job, all right." He tossed his gun to Joe.

JOE was running. Every square inch of the grounds was familiar, but now, somehow, unreal. The smell of dead oil was the same. The rumble of the pumps and compressors, the maze of stills, tanks, condensers, columns, these were the same, too, yet different. They'd suddenly become more than hulking, inanimate, controllable things. They'd become weapons. They always were potential engines of destruction; but it isn't until some one actually uses an engine of destruction that it becomes a weapon.

Joe raced past the control houses, the pressure stills, the batch stills. He ran through A unit's area, through B's, C's, D's. He saw the crystallizer loom ahead. The propane tank was near.

He saw it then—a dirty-silver fifteen-thousand-gallon horizontal tank perched three feet from the ground, its curved belly resting at each end on concrete supports. Butadiene was bad, but propane was the most volatile stuff in the yard. He figured Beck would be here. Beck was. He was lighting the end of a snakelike fuse. He could do that safely here, outside the still area.

"Beck!"

The man jerked, bumped his head on the tank. He warned Joe, not bothering with his Southern accent, "Stay back!"

Joe kept coming.

The fuse was about six feet long, burning a foot a minute. The sputtering end of it was on the ground. The other end curled up and lost itself in a black sticky mass that adhered to the tank.

"If you shoot, you'll puncture the tank," Beck called. He lunged at the ground, came up with a two-foot spud wrench.

Joe's eyes narrowed. If he shot and missed Beck and punctured the tank, with that fuse burning right there, anything might happen. Propane was tricky. It would vaporize the instant it hit the air. It sold commercially under a dozen trade names as bottled gas. Joe's lips twisted. That's what it was, bottled gas. A fifteen-thousand-gallon bottle!

"Put it out!" Joe barked, leveling the gun.

Beck spat, "Never!"

Sweat bubbled on Joe's brow as he got the impact of the situation. They were man to man. He couldn't get at the fuse so long as Beck guarded it with the wrench. He couldn't shoot for fear of the tank.

"I can't shoot," Joe said. "But the second you try to get clear, I'll put out the fuse."

Beck drew himself up. "Fool! I do not intend to get clear."

Joe sucked in his breath. He looked at the fuse. A foot a minute.

And it came to him that this was it. No trench, no tank, no deck of a ship or cockpit of a plane, but this was it. *Could* he take it? Could he stand up and see who'd crack first?

Joe shivered. He looked at Beck's plump face and innocent blue eyes, and he shivered. He saw that Beck was watching him cannily. Beck was *expecting* him to crack.

"Then we'll go together, Beck!" he blurted.

Beck's eyes widened. And something new appeared in them. Not fear so much as surprise, as if he'd been sure no one would stand up to him and now some one was. "You're afraid?" he said, but it was a question more than a statement.

"Like hell I am!" Joe lied. He saw muscle through the plumpness of Beck's jaw, and he knew at once that the way to test Beck was to show superior courage. "What is the black stuff, Beck? Dynamite?"

Beck nodded stolidly.

"Can you take it?" Joe said.

"I'll show you, you damned American!"

Joe looked at him. Carefully. Slowly. And then he knew he had another weapon—a smile. Beck would never understand a smile. Beck was ready, willing, to die. He understood about shoving in all the chips. But—could he shove in the chips with a smile?

"You'll show me, Beck?" Joe said. "Oh, no. I'll show *you!*" And he put the gun in his pocket so that it wouldn't quiver in his hands. And he threw back his head and laughed. *Laughed!*

Beck's breath was heavy.

"What kind of fuse is it?" Joe said. "Foot a minute?"

Beck licked his lips.

"Sometimes those fuses are defective," Joe clucked. "They burn faster than a foot a minute." He kept his eyes on Beck's, the smile on his lips.

"Damn you!" Beck cursed. Lividly. He was panting when he finished.

"Don't you see the laughs in it, Beck?" Joe said. "Or don't the Nazis *teach* you to laugh?"

Beck's breathing labored against the steady throb of the pumps. His eyes flickered to the fuse, back to Joe.

"I can't hear it sputter from here," Joe murmured. "Can you? Does it sound like bacon frying?"

Beck shivered.

"Remember the fatherland," Joe chuckled. He reached casually into a pocket. "I guess we've got time for a cigarette. Have one?"

It was too much. Beck shambled a step closer, pulling the spud wrench over his shoulder like a baseball bat.

"*Heil* Babe Ruth!" Joe cheered.

Something like a gurgle came from Beck. The wrench slid off his shoulder, though he still gripped it.

Joe's hand trembled, but he lit his cigarette anyhow—as casually as he could, while Beck watched, fascinated.

Joe held up the sputtering match, glanced suggestively at the fuse, back at the match. He drew smoke into his lungs, controlled his breath so that it came out in lazy, casual streamers. He sighed, flipped the match away.

"Last nail in the old coffin, eh, Beck?" he drawled. "Let's see if the fuse outlasts the cigarette."

Beck cracked. His eyes rolled.

Joe barked, "Drop that wrench! Get out of here before I take you apart!"

Beck dropped the wrench. He ran.

Joe wanted to yell but couldn't. He could move, though. He scooped up the wrench, heaved it. It hit Beck in the back. Beck screamed and fell on his face. Joe walked over and snuffed out the fuse. . . .

"A COUPLE of sticks of dynamite covered with tar so they'd stick to the tank," Joe explained to Matson at the gate. He turned to Harry. Harry's handsome face was unyielding, even though Lorna had come and was standing close to him. "Sorry," Joe said.

Harry looked away. Lorna nudged him and he shrugged. "Forget it, Joe."

"Be seeing you," Joe said. He looked past Lorna's blue eyes and over her long curling hair as he said, "You and Harry can still make a night of it."

He left quickly, looking straight ahead. He drove to his and Lorna's apartment. He got out a traveling bag and packed it. Then he went out onto the balcony of the bedroom. He watched the lights of the plant, far off. And of all the things he felt, he felt most the necessity of getting down there and working. It was where he belonged, and he knew it. There was a cot in the compressor house. He could sleep there till Lorna moved out.

He stood a long time, making his decision definite.

When he went back to the bedroom, the first thing he saw was his bag, open. He had closed it.

Lorna stepped out of the closet. She didn't look at him. She went over to the bag and gathered up the socks and started putting them in a bureau drawer. Joe swallowed.

"What . . . are you doing?" he said.

"What does it look as if I'm doing?"

"Putting away my s-socks. . . ."

"That's right," she said. "Putting away your socks."

There weren't many seconds, then, till they were close.

"I don't get it," Joe said. But he could breathe now. He could grin. He could say, "Maybe you had to bounce twice, hon."

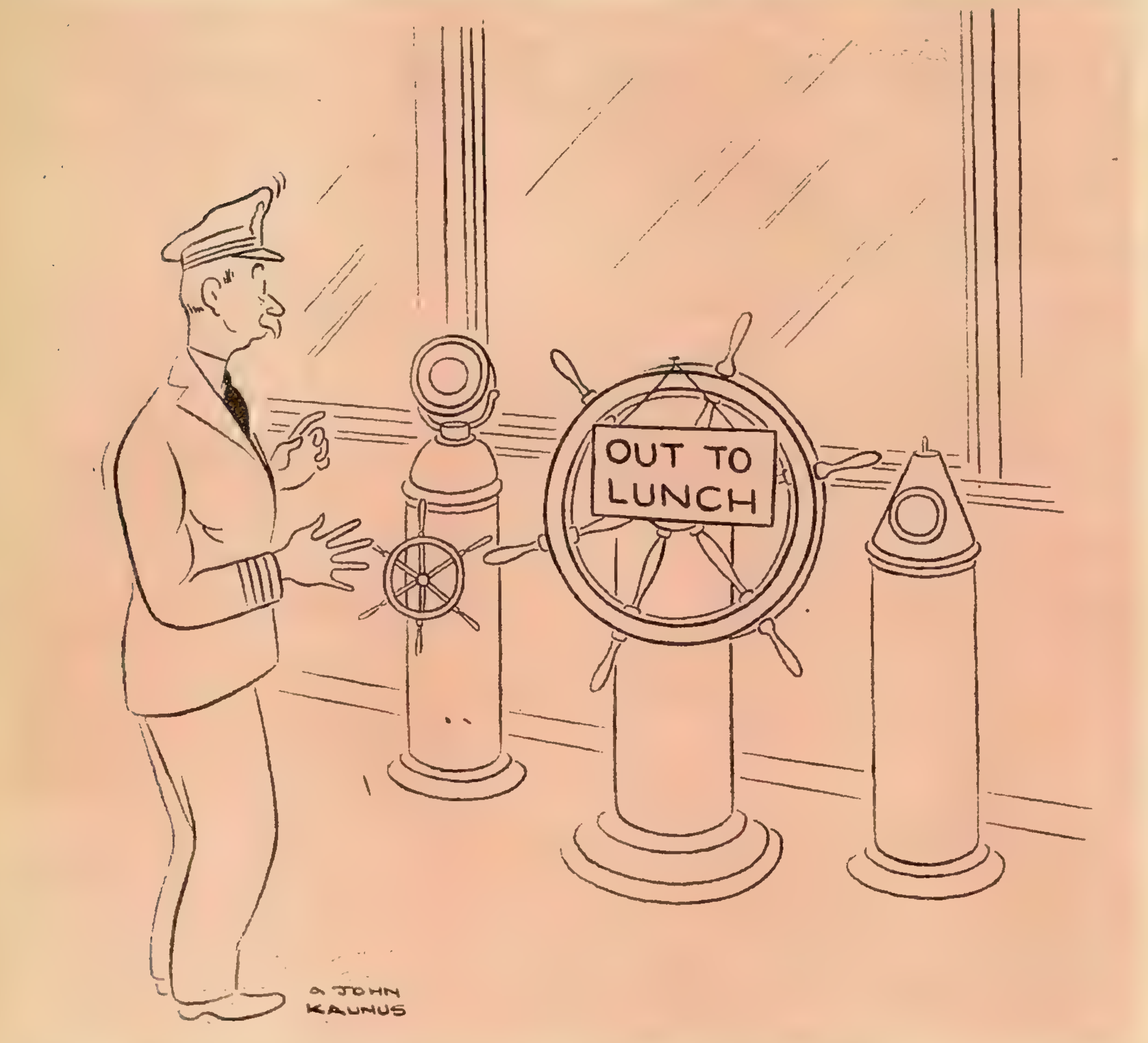
Lorna rubbed her cheek against his bristly chin. "I only bounced once, Joe; for keeps. It wasn't me you were afraid of; it was yourself. I'm glad about tonight. Now you're sure, aren't you?"

"Sure, hon?"

"Sure you've *met* specifications, Joe. Isn't that what ate at you?"

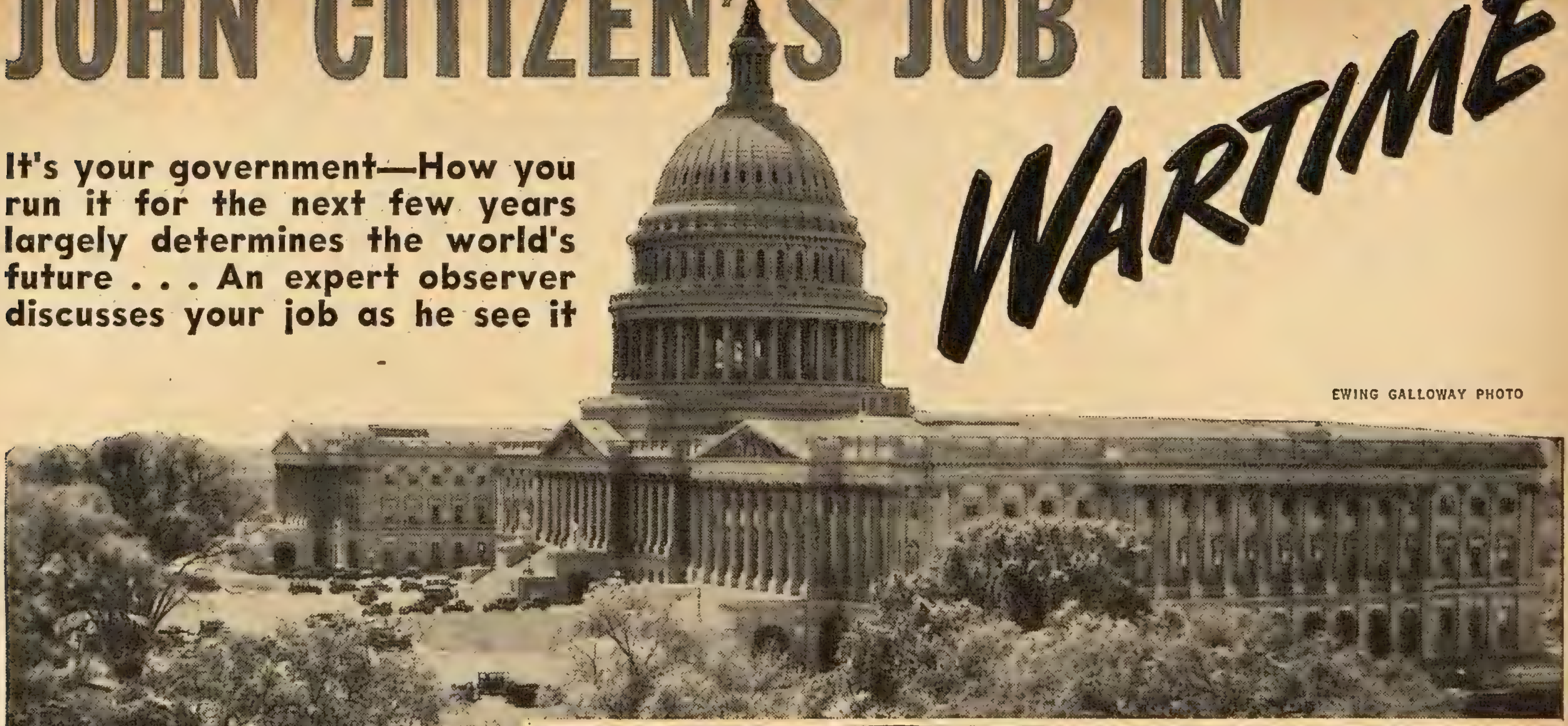
"I guess, hon," Joe said. "I guess so. Yeh. . . ."

THE END



JOHN CITIZEN'S JOB IN WARTIME

It's your government—How you run it for the next few years largely determines the world's future . . . An expert observer discusses your job as he see it



EWING GALLOWAY PHOTO

BY ERNEST K. LINDLEY

WE have held an election—while we are in the thick of the hardest war we have ever had to fight. That is an immensely inspiring fact. It must be inspiring to the citizens of the enslaved peoples who long for the day when they too may vote as self-respecting free men and women.

It should be inspiring to us, too, if we stop to think about it. For the ballot is both the symbol and the substance of what we are fighting for. It is the basic tool of democracy, the means by which we choose those who are to govern us and so mold our own way of life. We want it for ourselves; and we want it for others, too, because we believe that our best chance of living the way we want to live is in a world in which other peoples also are free.

Our forefathers fought and died for the right of self-government. To win the war, we are temporarily and voluntarily giving up things we treasure as fundamental. Our economic life soon will be more thoroughly regimented than ever before. The government is telling us what we can buy, and how much, and at what price. It is forcing thousands of business men into bankruptcy or into new lines of activity. It is controlling wages and salaries. It has forbidden men to leave certain jobs where their services are most needed; and soon it may be compelling every one of us, if necessary, to do the particular job in which it thinks we can help most to win the war.

BOARD OF
ELECTIONS
MEETS HERE

The complicated legal machinery of the Capitol is really operated by people like these. They pull all the switches by the way they think, feel, and write to congressmen. At election time, above all, they can pull switches with a vengeance.

Such regimentation would be intolerable to us in time of peace. We put up with it now because we believe it is needed to win the war, not because we have ceased to be a democracy.

We *could* suspend elections altogether during a war without ceasing to be a democracy. Other democracies have done so. The British Parliament, elected in 1935, should have had an election not later than 1940. But the present Parliament voted to extend its own life. Competition among the political parties has been largely suspended. But Great Britain has not ceased to be a democracy.

We do not have a coalition government, although many prominent Republicans hold posts of high responsibility in the government, including two Cabinet seats. Moreover, we cannot skip an election without amending our Constitution. We deserve no credit for doing what we could not gracefully avoid doing. But it is a sign of confidence and strength that no one seriously proposed that we should skip an election.

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES

Elections as Usual, War or Peace

FROM the founding of the republic, we have never skipped a national election. Internal crisis or prosperity, war or peace, our elections come as regularly as the seasons or the tides. That is the record of 155 years, in a world which has seen the French Revolution, the rise and fall of Napoleon, the bloodshed of scores of smaller wars and revolutions, the first World War, and the rise of Japan and Hitler. We voted even during our own War Between the States. The regularity of the American election through 155 years of tempestuous world history has become one of the great solid facts about the ordering of human affairs in the modern world. It is the most convincing evidence of our belief that government by the people is the best under all circumstances and conditions.

But this fundamental right to vote, which is the envy and the hope of millions in other lands, is only an empty form unless it is exercised. As this is written, I do not know how many eligible voters exercised their franchise in the 1942 elections. But I am sure the number was not high enough. It never is, especially in the so-called "off years" between Presidential elections. This year many voters were deprived of their voting rights by changes in residence; others who could have voted did not bother to register or to make arrangements for absentee ballots. And some, as always, just didn't pay any attention. They have come to take for granted, and thus ignore, a right for which men are dying.

Talk! But Think First

BUT let's not condemn too severely those who were derelict in their duty. Perhaps it is better not to vote at all than to vote without knowledge, out of blind adherence to a party or to oblige a friend. In any event, the citizen's duties do not stop at the polls. Whether or not you voted in 1942, you can exert an influence on those who govern you. For elected officeholders do not look back to the last election; they look forward to the next one. They are watching to see what you think of them. They will respond to what you think and say. That is not a bad habit. It is a natural result of modern communications, which enable every literate citizen to learn promptly from the press and the radio what is going on all over the earth—or at least over that part of it in which responsible reporters and interpreters can still function. The intelligent and alert citizen now has the information with which to reach his own conclusions.

The elected official who does not heed the opinions of his constituents is likely to be the exception who is either very bad or very good. He may be corrupt; he may be listening to a small group who financed his campaign. But he may be the unusual elected official who believes so strongly that he is right on a particular question that he will act without regard to the sentiments of his constituents. The man who defies what is clearly the overwhelming desire of the people who elected him may be a crank; or he may be a great man. It is not always possible to be sure which until years have passed.

Don't Spare the Prod

BUT, by and large, elected officials are sensitive to the views of the people they represent—provided these people are levelheaded and intelligent. That puts a high responsibility on you as a citizen. You must not jump at conclusions. You must realize that government is highly specialized work; that there are many problems that you cannot take the time to study thoroughly. Often you can be more useful as a citizen by prodding your elected officials into studying these problems carefully than by trying to tell them, offhand, what they should do.

Every elected official, from the President of the United States down, pays attention to his mail. If he can't read all the letters, he has secretaries who summarize them. They may even tabulate the letters pro and con on a lively issue; and your elected official's judgment may be greatly influenced by the result of that tabulation.

But ordinarily a public official hears only from a tiny minority of the people he represents. And they are usually the people who feel very strongly about a particular issue. The experienced official can tell the difference between mail which is the result of a concerted campaign and the mail which comes spontaneously. He seldom hears from the levelheaded people who have no particular ax to grind, who simply want the matter settled in the best interest of the nation as a whole.

Elected officials tend to become frightened of "pressure groups," especially as elections draw near. The lobbyists of these pressure groups call on them. They may organize petitions or stir up flurries of telegrams and letters. The official knows that these lobbyists keep track of his voting record and see that the interests they represent are reminded of it around election time. He may know that a particular pressure group represents only a small minority of his constituents. But he may believe that on Election Day this minority will vote for or against him merely because of his attitude toward one or two of its pet policies.

Many fine people belong to pressure groups. That is their privilege, in the protection of their own interests. But they are not good citizens if they cast their votes for or against any candidate solely because of his stand on issues affecting their own interests. The good citizen will try to appraise the candidate's viewpoint and record as a whole. And he can help the cause of good government between elections by letting his representatives know that he intends to do just that.

What's Been the Matter with Congress?

DURING the last eleven months the record of Congress has been shabby, almost shameful. Yet this Congress is up to the average in ability and contains few men who are not genuinely patriotic. It is simply a Congress dominated largely by peacetime notions of politics: that the way to get elected is to cater to pressure groups,

FAREWELL
DEAR

"I only regret that I have but one wife to give to my country."

to hand out favors, and to hurt nobody. It has been very difficult for professional politicians to believe that a great majority of the American people want to sacrifice to win the war; that they are willing, even eager, to go the limit so long as no favorites are played. Too many members of Congress have been listening to the lobbyists and the minority who do not put winning the war above everything else.

A heavy majority of the members of the present Congress are also members of the new Congress just elected. How they behave will depend very largely on how you, as an alert, level-headed citizen, behave.

Write to Your Congressman

DON'T let the lobbyists for special interests—*your* special interests included—keep, or get, control of your senator or representative. If you believe that winning the war comes ahead of everything else, write him to that effect—now and every time the pressure boys get to work. Tell him you will judge him by his record as a whole in support of the war, no matter whose feet he steps on, including your own. Let him know that you are thinking as a citizen of a great nation, not as a pleader for your personal interests.

Tell him to be tough—as tough as our sons, brothers, fathers, and friends in the armed services. Tell him it is an insult to treat you as a soft, self-seeking, unpatriotic person while your relatives and friends are risking their lives for you. Tell him that you want to do whatever will help to win the war—and that if he doesn't act as if you did, you will do your best, at the next election, to consign him to the political oblivion which he deserves. If enough of you do that now—and from time to time when the pressure groups get to work—your senator and representative, even if they are naturally spineless, will act more like statesmen.

It won't do any harm to send similar reminders—post cards will suffice—to some of the key officials on the administrative side. And a word of praise for the public officials when they stand up and fight for the national interest—as against special pleaders—won't do any harm. Politicians like to get re-elected, but most of them also aspire to be known as statesmen. When they believe they can be re-elected by being statesmanlike they are at their best.

With positive encouragement from the voters back home, the same men who made the present Congress on its record one of the worst we have had in many years can make the new one worthy of a fine passage in our history and in that of popular government everywhere.

Watch Your Local Officials

BUT our responsibilities as alert voters between elections do not stop with the national government. We must watch our state and local governments. As a rule the quality of our government falls as we go down the scale from Washington. This is contrary to the idea of many political theorists that government close to home, under the direct observation of the voter, is likely to be better. Perhaps the truth is that many of us pay less attention to local and state affairs than to the more dramatic national issues.

Certainly, during the last decade, the federal government, by its assumption of new responsibilities, has bulked larger in our eyes. In time of war especially we are likely to overlook the more humdrum public affairs in our states and localities.

We gripe at confusion and inefficiency and too many employees in the federal government. But we know it is dealing with matters infinitely more extensive and complex than our local governments are. Few state governments can compare with the federal government in caliber of officials and employees, or in over-all efficiency. And, with some conspicuous exceptions, our city governments work at a still lower level of honesty and efficiency.

What We Need Is a Merit System

AS many of us have just been reminded, we are voting for too many public officials. We are voting for sheriffs, and coroners, and assessors, and county clerks, and numerous other officials whose activities should have nothing to do with politics and parties. Their duties should be performed by competent policemen, and doctors, and other specially trained experts. These experts should be appointed by higher responsible officials or should be chosen and hold office permanently under a real service system. The word "real" must be emphasized. Our present civil service is largely a defensive mechanism: to protect the public service against the evils of the political "spoils" system. It encourages honesty but not enterprise.

What we need is a real "merit" system which will continuously weed out inefficient public employees and will promote those who have the ability and energy to undertake greater responsibilities.

No time better than this could be imagined to modernize our state and local governments. We have three impelling reasons. The first is that with the taxes we have to pay to finance the war, we simply cannot afford inefficient government. The second is that we are coming to a real man-power shortage. We cannot spare two public officials or employees to do the work of one. We cannot permit an able-bodied man to do, let us say, the bookkeeping which an intelligent housewife could do as a part-time job at a lower salary.

Let's drive the political hacks off the public pay rolls. Let them work or fight. And having put them off, let's keep them off. It will save us millions of dollars in the future, and bring us nearer our ideal of democratic government.

Defeated Nations Look to Us

THE third reason is perhaps the least practical, but the most challenging. American self-government is in the world's eyes. But those eyes regard it with mingled feelings. Our government has been advertised as inefficient and corrupt, partly with the aid of our own moving pictures depicting the gangsters of a somewhat earlier stage. We know that the indictment, in part, has been true and still is. But we know that those eyes, millions of them, regard our system as the goal which they long to attain. And we know that that goal is worth striving for. It is worthy of our striving, as well as theirs.

As alert citizens—between elections as well as at the polls—we can both serve our own real interests and set the example for which a stricken and frustrated people in other lands look to us. We can fulfill the American dream, which is still the world's brightest hope.

THE END

GASOLINE
WILL JOHNSON

THE SAINT STEPS IN

A shot rings out, a luscious blonde makes a call, and Simon Templar scents trouble

BY LESLIE CHARTERIS

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

SIMON TEMPLAR, that mocking blue-eyed adventurer known as the Saint, was relaxing in the bar of a Washington hotel when a beautiful girl asked his help. She had an appointment that evening, she said, to see a Mr. Imberline of the WPB, but she was afraid to go alone because she had received a threatening note.

She was Madeline Gray, she told him. Her father, Calvin Gray, had invented a synthetic rubber which he wanted to give to the government. Some agency seemed to be trying to prevent it. Strange accidents had happened at Mr. Gray's Connecticut laboratory and now came this note designed to keep her away from Imberline. Wouldn't the Saint help her?

The wary Templar didn't believe her story, and let her start alone on her errand. Then he found a note in his pocket—which Madeline couldn't possibly have put there—and went hurrying after her. The note said: "MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

At Imberline's house he was told that Mr. Imberline was out of town until the end of the week. Not far away he came upon Madeline being led to a car by two ruffians. He fought them and they ran away, but not before a bystander had joined in the battle—a Walter Devan whom Madeline had met at the office of Mr. Quennel of the Quennel Chemical Corporation when her father and she had taken a sample of his rubber there.

The Saint took Madeline to his suite for a drink. He believed her story now—knew that tonight's appointment with Imberline had been a trap. He promised to help her to see the WPB man at the end of the week.

"The thing that's going to keep me busy," he said, "is trying to make sure you and your father are allowed to live that long."

PART TWO—ALIAS MISS BROWN

A CHANGE of expression flickered over Madeline's face that started with half a smile and ended with half a frown; but under the half-frown her brown eyes were steady.

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES

"Now you are giving me what you thought I was asking for, or do you mean that?"

"Think it out for yourself," Simon said patiently. "Somebody was interested enough to make your father a present of two explosions and a fire—according to what you told me. Somebody followed you long enough to know you'd been trying to see Imberline. Somebody thought it was worth while phoning you and making a phony appointment, and then sending you a threatening note to see how easily you'd scare off. Somebody even thought it was worth trying another note on me, after they'd seen us talking."

"You don't know how it got into your pocket?"

"Any more than you know how yours fell into your lap. But if I ever see a certain guy again who bumped into me rather heavily at the bar, I might feel like asking him a few questions." The face of the roundish gent with the gadget-salesman methods was clearly in the Saint's mind as he spoke. "Anyway, since you didn't scare, there was an ambush waiting for you on the way."

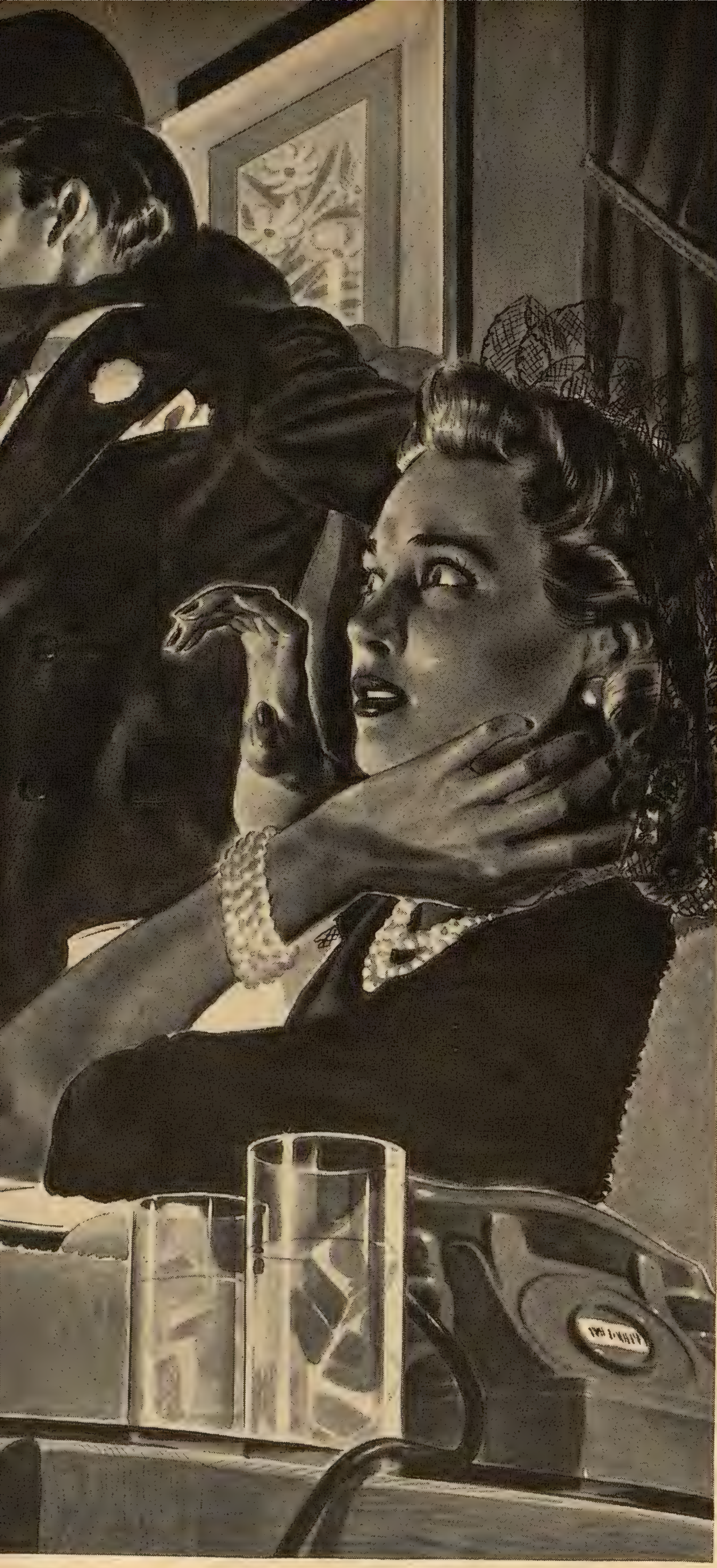
"What do you think they meant to do?"

"Your guess is as good as mine. Maybe they were just told to rough you up a bit to discourage you. Maybe it was to be a straight kidnaping. Maybe they thought you could be used to keep your father quiet, or maybe they thought you might be able to tell them his process if they 'persuaded' you enough. By the way, could you?"

She nodded. "It's very simple, once you know it; and I've been helping him in his laboratory ever since he started working on it again."

"In times like these," said the Saint, "anybody who can pour a lot of sawdust, old shoelaces, tomato catchup, and hair tonic into a bathtub and make rubber is hotter than tabasco. The only thing I can't understand is why the F. B. I. didn't have you both in a fireproof vault long ago."

"I can," she said wearily. "Have you any idea how many new synthetic rubber inventors are pestering people in Washington every day? Only about a dozen."



By that time he was spun around with his back to the wall between the two windows, temporarily safe from any more careless exposure.

"But if your father's reputation is as good as you say it is—"

"All sorts of crackpots have some kind of reputation too. And to the average dollar-a-year man, any scientist is likely to be a bit of a crackpot."

"Well, they can test this stuff of yours, can't they?"

"Yes. But that takes a lot of time and red tape. And it wouldn't necessarily prove anything."

"Why not?"

"The specimen might be any other kind of worked-over or reclaimed rubber."

"Surely that could be detected by analysis."

She laughed a little. "You're not a chemist. Any organic or semi-organic concoction—like this is—is almost impossible to analyze. How can I explain that? Look. For instance, you could grind up the ashes of a human arm and analyze them and find a lot of ingredients, but that wouldn't prove whether you'd started with a man or not. That's putting it very clumsily, I know, but—"

"I get the idea."

SIMON lighted a cigarette and tightened his lips on it. These were ramifications that he hadn't had time to think out. But they made sense within the limits of his knowledge.

"Has your father patented his formula?"

"No. That would have meant discussing it with attorneys and petty officials and all kinds of people. And I tell you, it's so simple that if one wrong person knew it, all the wrong people could know it. And, after all, we are in the middle of a war."

"He didn't want any commercial protection?"

"He doesn't need it. He isn't trying to make money. He doesn't have to. Really, we're horribly comfortable. My grandfather bought a gold mine in California for two old mules and a can of corned beef. All daddy is trying to do is to give his process to the right people. But of course he can't just write a letter or fill out a form and tell all about it, because then it would be sure to leak out."

"Something seems to have leaked out already," Simon observed.

"Maybe some people have more imagination than others."

"You haven't any one special in mind?"

She moved her hands helplessly. "The Nazis?" she suggested. "But I don't know how they'd have heard of it. . . . Or the Japs. Or any one. . . ."

"Any one," said the Saint, "is a fair guess. They don't necessarily have to be clanking around with swastikas embroidered on their underwear and sealed orders from the Gestapo up their sleeves. Any one who isn't as bighearted as your father, but who believes in him, might be glad to get hold of this recipe—just for the long green. Which would make the field a good bet on any mutuel."

He put his glass down and strolled around the room, his hands in his pockets and his eyes crinkled against the smoke of the cigarette slanted between his lips.

It began to look like a nice little situation. The F. B. I. wouldn't have any jurisdiction unless somebody higher up—such as Frank Imberline, perhaps—sent them a memorandum proclaiming that the protection of Calvin Gray and his daughter was a matter of national importance. But Imberline was out of reach, and the Saint had no contact with that kind of department. He could probably establish one; but that would take time, and even then, Calvin Gray's invention would doubtless still have to be investigated before he would be the subject of much commotion.

Which left only the local gendarmerie to appeal to. Simon knew nothing at all about them; but, even if they were extremely efficient, he surmised that they were also likely to be very busy. He didn't know for how long they would be likely to detach three able-bodied officers for the sole job of providing a full-time personal bodyguard for Madeline Gray. And, in any case, they couldn't stay with her if she left the city.

"Where is your father now?" he asked.

"At home—in Connecticut. Stamford."

They couldn't do anything about that. And the Stamford police were even less likely to have officers to spare for an indefinite vigil.

"Maybe you ought to hire some guards from a detective agency," he said. "I gather you could afford it."

She looked him in the eyes. "Yes, we could afford it."

He had made a reasonable suggestion and she had considered it in the same reasonable way. Even that steady glance of hers didn't accuse him of trying to evade anything. It would have had no right to, anyway, he told himself. It was his own conscience. He didn't owe her anything. He had plenty of other things to think about. There certainly must be some proper legal authority for her to take her troubles to—he just hadn't been able to think what it was. And, anyhow, what real basis did he have for deciding that Calvin Gray's invention was practical and important? There were experts in government offices who were much more competent to judge such matters than he was.

Just the same, he knew that he was still evading, and he felt exasperated with himself.

He asked: "What was your idea when you did see Imberline?"

"Get him to come to the laboratory himself, or send some one who was absolutely reliable. They could watch us make as much rubber as they'd need for their tests, then they could be sure it was a genuine synthetic."

"Mix me something that will last through an opera."

"But eventually other people would have to be in on it—if it were going to be manufactured in any quantity."

"Daddy has that all worked out. You could have a dozen different ingredients shipped to the plant and stored in tanks. Three of them would be the vital part of the formula. The other nine wouldn't mean a thing. But they'd all be piped down through a mixing room that only one man need go into. The formula would be piped from there direct to the vats, and the other things would go down the drain. He could control one plant himself by just working two or three hours a day. I could control another. But even if any one else knew every chemical that was brought in, it would take them years to try out every combination and proportion until they hit on the right ones."

It was a sound answer. And still it wasn't the point. He had to stop dodging the point.

He stared at her detachedly, trying to persuade himself that he could make the same decision that he would have made if she had been fat and fifty with buck teeth.

Then he stopped looking at her. He was not so hot at being detached. He strolled over to the window and gazed out at the panorama of distant lights beyond the grounds and the park. . . .

Ping!

The glass in front of him grew an instantaneous spider web around a neat round hole, and the plunk of the bullet lodging itself in the wall plaster somewhere above and behind him came at about the same moment.

He was probably already in motion when he heard it, for his impressions seemed to catch up with it quite a little while later. And by that time he was spun around with his back to the wall between the two windows, temporarily safe from any more careless exposure, and looking at Madeline Gray's white face with a quite incorrigible silent laughter in his eyes.

"By heaven," he said, "even the Washington mosquitoes have war fever. They must be training to be dive bombers."

She looked up at the opposite wall, near the ceiling, where his glance had also gone to search for the scar of the shot. After a second or two she found her voice somewhere.

"Somebody shot at you," she said, and sounded as if she knew it was the only possible foolish thing to say.

"That would be another theory," he admitted.

"But where from?"

"From the grounds, or the park. They had the window spotted, of course. I'm afraid I'm getting careless in my old age."

He reached sideways cautiously for the edge of the shade, and pulled it all the way down. Then he did the same for the other window. After that he felt free to move again.

"Won't you catch them, or—or something?"

He laughed. "I'm not Superman, darling. By the time I got downstairs they could be blocks away. I should have known better—I was warned once, at least." Then his face was a sober challenge again. "But does that help to prove anything to you? Are you getting the idea that there's no fooling going on around you?"

She met his eyes with a visible tumult of thoughts that couldn't form into words.

In the silence the telephone rang. Simon crossed to it and picked it up.

"This is Miss Brown of the Associated Press," it said. "I heard that you were in town, and I wondered if you'd be awfully angry if I asked you for a short interview."

It was a light and engaging and unusually arresting voice, but Simon had met specialized voices before.

"I don't know what you could interview me about," he said. "I'm thirty-five years old, I think J. Edgar Hoover is wonderful, I believe that drinking is here to stay, I want every one to buy War Bonds, and I am allergic to vitamins. Beyond that I haven't anything to say to the world."

"I'd only take a few minutes, really, and you wouldn't have to answer any questions you didn't like."

"Suppose you call me tomorrow and I'll see what I'm doing," he suggested, giving himself a mental memorandum to see that his telephone was cut off.

"Why, are you in bed already?"

The Saint's brows climbed fractionally and drew down again. "When I was a girl that would have been called a rather personal question," he said.

"I'm in the lobby now," she said. "Why couldn't we get it over tonight? I promise you can throw me out as soon as you've had enough."

And that was when the last of the Saint's hesitations winked out like a row of punctured bubbles, so that he wondered how he could ever have wasted time on them.

For girl reporters in real life do not come as far as the lobby of their victim's hotel before they ask for an interview. Nor do they use a sexy voice and a faintly suggestive turn of phrase to wheedle their way into the presence of a reluctant subject.

THE sublime certainty of his intuition crescendoed around him with the symphonic grandeur of a happy orchestra. The decision had been taken out of his hands. He could resist temptation just so long, but there was a limit to how much he could be pushed. The note he had found in his pocket had been bad enough. To be potted at in his own window by a sniper was almost gross provocation, even if he was broad-minded enough to admit that it was his own fault for providing the opportunity. But this was going too far.

"O. K.," he said in a resigned tone. "Come on up."

He put the telephone back in its cradle as gently as a mother laying down her first-born, and turned back to the girl with a smile.

"Go to your room, Madeline," he said; and for the first time that evening the full gay carelessness of a Saintly lilt was alive and laughing in his voice. "Get your things packed. We're going to Connecticut tonight."

Her eyes were bewildered. "But I have to see Mr. Imberline, no matter who's trying to stop me—"

"I'll get you back here as soon as we've arranged a genuine appointment. But that won't be for a few days. Meanwhile I can't be in two places at once. And maybe your father needs looking after too." He grinned. "Don't bother about those private detectives. I'm sold—if you'll still buy me."

She laughed a little through uncertain lips. "Are you very expensive?"

"Not if you buy your Scotch wholesale. By the way, what's your room number?"

She told him.

He said: "I'll call you or drop in in a little while. Until then, and just in case of accidents, don't open the door to any one but me—no matter what the stall is. You've had two lessons already this evening, and if you want to go in for this grandmother business you'd better keep on remembering them."

He had her arm and he was taking her to the door.

"What was that telephone call?" she asked. "And how do you know you're going to be all right?"

"That's what I'm going to find out," he said. "I won't be any help to you hiding in a cellar. But I'm firmly convinced that I was not destined to die in Washington. Not this week, anyhow. . . . I'll see you soon, darling."

She stood in the doorway for a moment, looking at him, and then, suddenly and very quickly, she kissed him—and was gone.

SIMON went into the bedroom, opened a suitcase, and took out an automatic already nested in a spring shoulder holster. He slipped his arm through the harness, shrugged it into comfort, and went back into the living room and put his coat on again. It seemed like a slightly melodramatic routine; but the only reason why Simon Templar had lived long enough to become a legend before he was also a name on a tombstone was because he had never been coy about taking slightly melodramatic precautions. And in the complex and sinful world where he had spent most of his life, there were no guaranties that when an alluring feminine voice invited itself in on the telephone there would be an alluring feminine person on the doorstep when the doorbell next rang.

He just had time to light another cigarette and freshen his drink before that potential crisis was with him.

He opened the door with his left hand and swung it wide, standing well aside as he did so. But it was only a girl who matched the telephone voice who came in.

He risked one arm to reach across the opening and draw the door shut behind her, and he quietly set the safety lock as he did so.

After that, without the slightest relaxing of his vigilance, he followed her into the living room and surveyed her again in a little more detail.

She was tall and built with the kind of curvacious ripeness in which there is hardly a margin of a pound between perfection and excess. So far she was still within the precarious safety of that narrow margin, so that her figure was a startling excitement to observe. Her face was classically beautiful in a flawless peach-skinned way. She had natural blonde hair and light blue eyes that gave her expression a kind of passionate vagueness.

"All right, darling," said the Saint. "I'm in a hurry too, so we'll make it easy. Who sent you and what am I supposed to fall for?"

HER face was blank and innocent. "I don't quite understand. I was just told to get an interview—"

"Let's save a lot of time," said the Saint patiently. "I know that you aren't from the AP, and probably your name isn't Brown either—but that's a minor detail. You can put on any act you like and talk from here to breakfast, but you'll never get anywhere. So let's start from here."

She regarded him calmly. "You have very direct methods, haven't you?"

"Don't you think they cut a good deal out of the overhead?"

She glanced placidly around the room, and observed the potable supplies on the side table.

"I suppose you wouldn't like to offer me a drink?"

Without answering, he poured a highball and handed it to her.

"And a cigarette?"

He gave her one and lighted it.

"Now," he remarked, "you've had plenty of time to work on your story, so it ought to be good."

She laughed. "Since you're so clever—you ought to be able to tell me."

"Very likely I can." He lighted another cigarette for himself. "You are either an Axis agent, a private crook, or a mildly enterprising nitwit. You may have fancier names for it, but it comes to the same thing. Once upon a time I'd have laid odds on the third possibility, but just recently I've gotten a bit skeptical."

"You make it sound awfully interesting. So what am I here for—as an Axis agent or a private crook?"

"That's a little more difficult. But I can think of the possibilities. You either came here to eliminate me—with or without outside co-operation—or to get information of one kind or another. Of course, there are gentle angles on both those bright ideas, as well as the rough and noisy ones. We could stay up all night playing permutations and combinations. I was just curious to know what your script was."

"And if I don't tell you?"

"We'll just have to play it out," he said tiredly. "Go on. Shoot. Give me the opening line."

She tilted her head back. "I think you're beautiful," she said.

"Thank you."

"You talk just as I imagined you would."

"That must be a great relief."

"You sound wildly exciting."

"Good."

"But I'm afraid I'm going to be a great disappointment. I'm afraid I'm only a mildly enterprising nitwit."

He went on looking at her dispassionately.

"I adore you," she said.

"I adore me too," he said. "Tell me about you."

She tasted her drink. "My name's Andrea Quennel."

It went through him like a chemical reaction, a sudden congealing and enveloping stillness. In an almost unreal detachment he observed her left hand. It wore no rings. He crossed over to her and calmly took the purse from her lap and opened it. He found a compact with her initials on it, and didn't search any further.

"Satisfied?" she asked.

"You must be Hobart Quennel's daughter," he said.

"That's right. We came in just as Mr. Devan was driving off after he'd dropped you. He told us about your little excitement this evening. He hadn't thought anything about your name, but being a romantic soul, I had to wonder at once if it was you. So I inquired at the desk, and it was."

"That still doesn't tell me why you had to see me this way," he said.

"I wanted to meet you. Because I've been crazy about you for years."

"Why did you try to pretend to be a reporter?"

She shrugged. "You said it yourself, didn't you? I'm a mildly enterprising nitwit. So I don't want every one to know what a nitwit I am. I suppose I could have made Mr. Devan call you up on some excuse and met you that way, but I try to let him think I'm halfway sane because, after all, he does work for my father. And if I'd called you up and said I was dying to meet you, I was sure you'd just send the house detective after me. So I thought I was being rather clever." Her face became quite empty and listless. "I guess I wasn't. I'm sorry."

HER vague light eyes studied him for a moment, then she stood up. "Anyway, I did get to meet you, just the same, so I think it was worth it. . . . I'll get out of your way now."

He watched her. The curious inward immobility that had seized him when she told him her name had dissolved completely, but imperceptibly, so that he hadn't even noticed the change. But his brain was fluid and alive again now, as if all the cells in it were working like co-ordinated individuals, like bees in a hive.

He said: "Sit down, Andrea, and finish your drink."

She sat down, with a surprised expression, as if some one had pushed her. The Saint smiled.

"After all, you were enterprising," he murmured, "so I'll forgive you. Besides, it has just occurred to me that you might be able to do something for me one of these days."

Her eyes opened. "Could I? I'd do anything. . . . But you're just kidding me. Nothing so marvelous as that could ever happen!"

"Don't be too sure."

"Do you often do that—I mean, get perfect strangers to help you do things?"

"Not often. But sometimes. And anyway, perhaps by that time we won't be such strangers."

"I hope not," she said softly.

He laughed. "What do you do—work for Quenco too?"

"Oh, no. I'm much too stupid. I just do nothing. I'm a very useless person, really. What would you want me to do for you?"

"I'll tell you when the time comes."

"I hope it'll be something exciting."

"It might be."

She leaned forward a little, watching him eagerly. "Tell me. Why did you think I might be an Axis agent? Were you expecting one?"

"It wasn't impossible," he said.

"ARE you working on some secret service job? And those men you had the fight with tonight . . . No, wait." She frowned, thinking. Somehow, although she said she was stupid, she managed to look quite intelligent, thinking. "Mr. Devan only thought of a hold-up. But he knew this girl you rescued—Madeline Gray. You see, I've got a memory like a parrot. Her father has an invention. Synthetic rubber. So the Gestapo or whatever it is want to get hold of it. So they think if they can kidnap his daughter they can make him tell. But you're looking after her, so they don't get away with it. So you think they'll be sending somebody to get rid of you. How's that?"

"It's not bad."

"Is it right?"

"I can't answer for all of it. Madeline Gray, yes. Father makes synthetic rubber, yes. Try to kidnap daughter, yes. But who and why—that's something to make up our minds about slowly."

"Is that why you asked if I was an Axis agent or a private crook?" she said shrewdly.

The shift of his lips and eyebrows was cheerfully noncommittal. "Wonderful weather we're having," he said.

"But you were looking after her."

"I am looking after her," he said, without a trace of emphasis on the change of tense.

She pouted humorously. "All right. I mustn't ask questions." She finished her drink and gazed into the empty glass. "Couldn't we go somewhere and dance?" she said abruptly.

"No." He came up off the chair back that he had been propping himself on. "I'm sorry, but I've got to pack a couple of things. And then I'll be traveling."

"You mean you're leaving Washington?"

"Yes."

"Then how are we going to get to know each other better?"

"How does any one find you?"

"You can call daddy's office in New York. His secretary always knows where we are—he talks to her every day. I'll talk to her myself and ask her to tell you."

"Then it ought to be easy."

She hesitated. "But where are you going?"

He thought it over before he answered. "I'm going to see Calvin Gray, and I'm taking Madeline with me. I told you I was looking after them. I'd love to go dancing with you, Andrea, but this is business."

"Where does he live?"

"Near Stamford, Connecticut."

"We've got a place at Westport," she said lingeringly.

"Then we might run into each other some time," he smiled.

He took her to the door, and after she had gone he came back and went to the telephone. He had to call three or four numbers before he located the man he wanted.

"Hullo, Ham," he said. "Simon. Sorry to interrupt you, but I'm going solo for a few days. I want a private plane to go to the nearest field to Stamford. Organize it for me, will you? I'll be at the airport in an hour."

"You don't want much, do you?"

"Only one of those little things that you handle so beautifully, comrade. . . . Oh, and one other thing. Get me some dossiers. Anything and everything you can dig up—including dirt. Air-mail them to me at General Delivery, Stamford. Get the names: Calvin Gray, research chemist. A guy named Walter Devan, who works for Quenco. Also Hobart Quennel himself, and his daughter Andrea."

HE hung up and went into the bedroom and started packing. The telephone rang again.

"Washington Ping-Pong and Priority Club," he said.

"This is Madeline Gray," she said. "Are you still tied up?"

"No."

"Can you come down and see me, or shall I come up?"

He didn't need to be as sensitive as he was to feel the unnatural restraint in her voice.

"Is something going on," he asked quietly, "or can't you talk now? Just say yes or no."

"Oh, yes, I can talk. There's nobody here. I suppose I'm just silly, but . . ." The pause was quite long. Then she went on, and her voice was still cold and level and sensible: "I've been trying to phone my father and let him know we're coming. But they say there's no answer."

"Maybe he's gone to a movie, or he's out with the boys analyzing alcohol in one of the local saloons."

"He never goes out in the evening. He hates it. Besides, he knew I was going to phone tonight. I was going to talk to him as soon as I'd seen Imberline. Nothing on earth would have dragged him out until he knew about that. Or do you think you've scared me too much?"

The Saint lay back and stared at the ceiling, feeling cold needles tiptoeing up his spine and gathering in special conclave on the nape of his neck.

Has anything happened to Madeline's father? Is Andrea Quennel the "mildly enterprising nitwit" she seems? What will the Saint find in Connecticut? Follow his adventures in next week's exciting chapter.

Letter to a Soldier

BY LATHAM OVENS

LIBERTY'S *SHORT SHORT*

SHE dipped her pen in the blue-gray ink. It reminded her of the blue-gray lights that danced in his eyes when he smiled. It had been like that since he went away. Little things, keeping him with her, making his absence seem like a dream.

Quickly, eagerly, she dipped her pen again and wrote: "My Dearest." But she couldn't go on from there. Words that had tumbled into her mind to say to him wouldn't tumble out again onto the paper before her.

She pressed her lips together in a tight little line. This would never do. She wasn't much of a writer; but then, he knew that. He wouldn't expect a masterpiece of literature in her letter. He'd want her to set things down just as she'd say them if he were here.

If he were here!

She shut her eyes as if to close out the thought. But it did no good. Closing her eyes just brought the memory of him into sharper focus. She could see the familiar boyish determination in his face, feel his strong arms around her. She opened her eyes quickly then, to blot the image out.

She'd write her letter—tell him of the awful emptiness of missing him. She'd write that she was sick with longing. She'd tell him that he must come back—leave everything and come straight back to her.

She had tried to keep him from going to the war at first. And he had listened to her, and agreed with her, and promised that he would never leave. And they'd closed their eyes and their ears to the war. And they'd tried to live in the little world that was encircled by each other's arms.

But it didn't work. She had known it wouldn't.

It wasn't anything he'd said, of course. But his arms were a little less tight when he held her; and his kisses were less strong and impulsive; and some of the light had been dimmed in his blue-gray eyes.

So she'd sent him off to war, and her heart went with him.

But she mustn't write of this in her letter. No. She must tell him only she was well, and keeping very busy, and she missed him very much.

Then tell him, quickly, that she knew it wouldn't be much longer before they'd be together again. Soon, the war won, he'd be coming back to her again. Tell him that. Tell him she was *sure* of that!

She got that much down on the paper, her pen racing across its surface, trying to keep up with the thoughts that came tumbling from her mind in quick confusion.

Yes, these were the things that she must tell him. The well chosen, carefully censored words in her mind. Not the little, secret, hidden words that filled her heart.

Don't tell him of the night hours spent lying across her bed, looking out her window to where the moonlight cut a bright silver path across the lawn. Don't remind him of how they used to walk that path together, down to the river's edge, with nothing to break the silence of their contentment but the gentle *lap-lap* of the water against the bank.

No, don't tell him that. Tell him, instead, she was feeling well, and keeping busy. And tell him, carefully, that she missed him very much.

Tell him only the things that won't worry or distract him. A soldier has a job to do. A big job. A brave job. He'd do it well, she knew. She mustn't intrude her loneliness to take his mind off that.

She mustn't let him guess the unhappy, bitter ache that crept up into her throat, and tightened there, each day that passed without a word from him. She must tell herself, as she had told herself so many times, to be patient. She must remember this is war. Remember a soldier has so many things to do. Keep in mind the distance and uncertainty of mails. *But oh, dear God, please let him write tonight!*

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES

The pen dipped into the blue-gray ink, then hesitated just above the paper. She gripped it hard between her fingers to keep it from moving recklessly across the page, recording all the things it mustn't say.

Guiding the pen in slender, careful strokes, she told him first about the weather. About how it had rained so hard every one thought the fields were ruined. About how the sun came out afterward, in time to save the fields, and the crops this year were better than they'd ever been.

She told him about the family, and about his brother. She told him the house and the long green lawn and the river were all very much as they had been. They hadn't changed a bit.

She wanted to ask him if he had changed.

She wanted to ask if the war and the battles, and the sting of defeat and the glory of victory, had made any change in him. In her heart she knew they must have. And she wondered if every woman worried this way about her man at war. She wanted to ask him if soldiers worried like that, too, about their womenfolk at home. But she guessed they hadn't time.

She couldn't very well tell him about her prayer—the one that she whispered softly into her pillow each night: *"Dear God, please take Your very best care of him. Don't let them harm him. Don't let them change him in any way. Give him the strength and courage to do what it is his duty to do. Then please, dear God, bring him safely back to me!"*

THIS was the sort of thing you could whisper into your pillow. Something personal, between you and God. But you couldn't write it down in a letter. Not even in a letter to a soldier. Not even in a letter to him.

And all the while she was thinking this her pen was writing safer things. Telling him how the flowers in the garden were in bloom again. How the tall grass out near the stables had been cut and trimmed. How the horses all looked well this year.

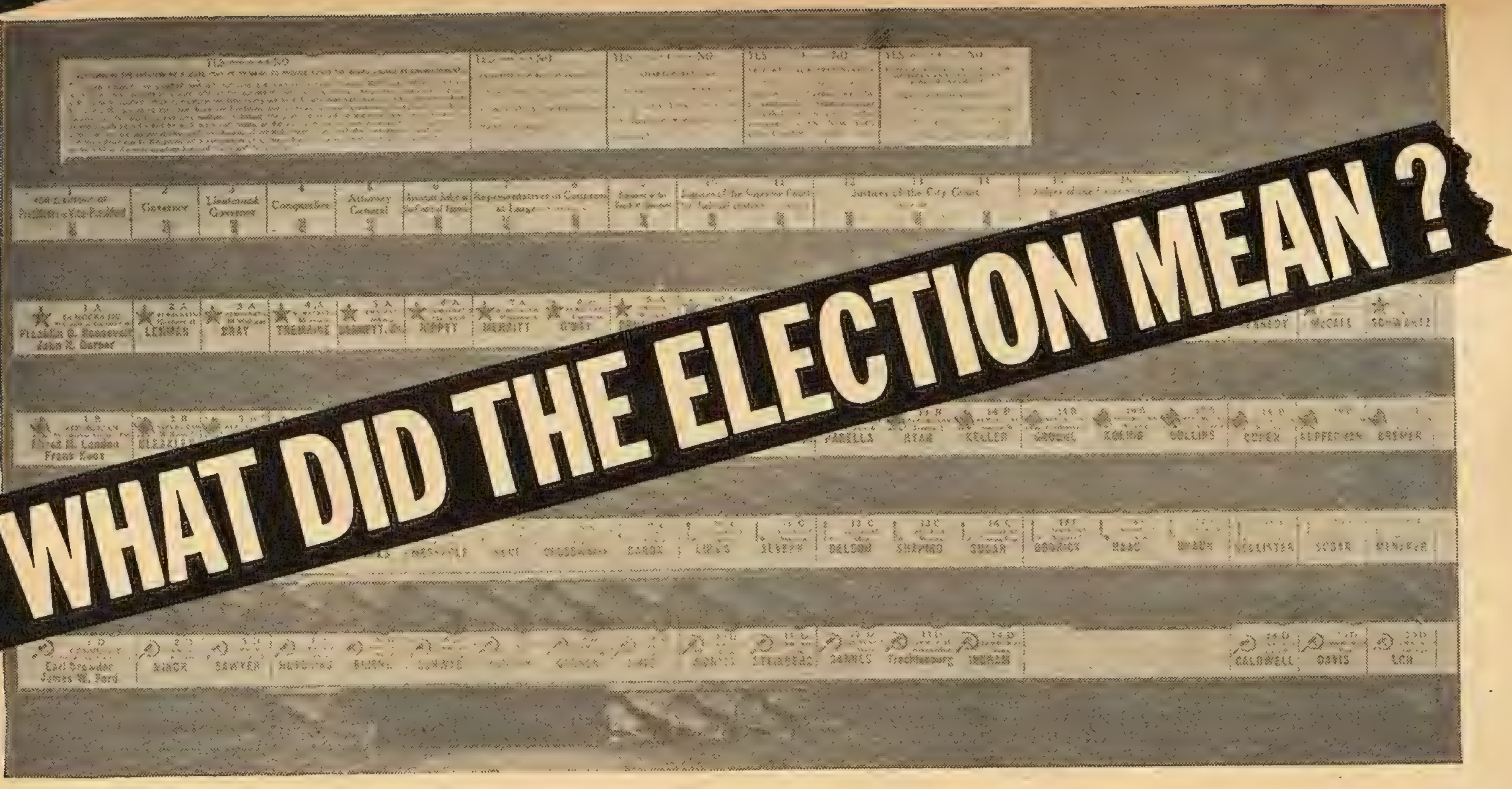
And having told him all this, she signed the letter, the pen moving easily across the bottom of the page: "Your affectionate wife, Martha."

Then she folded her letter into an envelope and sealed it down firmly with a bit of sealing wax dipped in the candle's flame. And across the front, in big bold letters, she addressed it:

General George Washington,
Headquarters of the Continental Army,
Valley Forge, Pennsylvania.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.



WHAT DID THE ELECTION MEAN?

Here are the facts the political dopesters will use; figure it out for yourself

BY JACK BEALL AND PAUL W. WARD

THE November 3 election may be historic. It is important not only to the United States but to all the nations of the earth, our friends as well as our enemies, because it is likely to affect the war's future course and the peace to follow.

It was in just such an election in 1918—six days before the November 11 armistice—that, in the opinion of many historians, Americans threw away their chances of winning the peace of the following year. They took away President Wilson's control of Congress and installed opposition majorities in both House and Senate. It marked the beginning of a tide which swept the Republican Party into power in 1920 and kept it there for twelve years under Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover.

The 1918 elections indicated to Europe's political leaders that Wilson, in a showdown, would not have the American voters' support for his Fourteen Points. They applied their hunch at Versailles; Washington clinched it a year later by rejecting the Versailles Treaty and turning America's back on the League.

While there are similarities between now and 1918, there are also important differences. Wilson went into the 1918 campaign with a Senate already out of his control, and with a closely divided House. President Roosevelt has had such a majority in the Senate —65 to 29—that he can't possibly lose control except by a revolt of his own party. In the House, the Democrats led by 257 to 165—quite a contrast to the 216-210 balance of 1918.

There is another difference. The 1918 elections came at the end of a successful war. This one has not been very successful so far, and Americans have not been backward in saying so. Today the conduct of the war is an issue; twenty-four years ago it was economic troubles. People thought the war had cost a lot of money and that taxes (quaint notion!) were very high.

Under our two-party system it is usual, when the people are dissatisfied, to punish the Ins by making them Outs. The primaries preceding this election showed no marked tendencies, however, to change the status quo. They were marked chiefly by a refusal of voters to get excited about prewar isolationism, which led political wiseacres to conclude that it is a washed-up issue.

Here something should be said about that wonderful word "trend," the outer manifestation of deep psychological currents in the people. If the trend is strong, there's not much any one can do about it; if not, it can be completely reversed, as in 1940, by a last-minute Presidential appearance at the mike.

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES

Republicans felt that the pre-election trend was in their favor. Last May the Gallup polls estimated that the Democrats would gain 38 House seats this fall. In June it was cut down to 10; in August it went down to 8. On September 8 Dr. Gallup predicted a loss of 21 Democratic seats. On October 4 he thought "G. O. P. gains will be confined between 15 and 35 seats."

A trend can make the difference between victory and defeat in closely contested Congressional districts. In 1940 there were 100 seats in Congress that went to Democrats by a margin of 10 per cent or less. There were 51 defeated Republicans who came within 5 per cent, or less, of winning.

The place to look for trends is not in the small states, with one or two representatives, or in the Southern states, where the Democrats are bound to win, or in states where the Republicans have practically everything already. Watch the large states where the margin of superiority by one party over the other is small.

In the last election Michigan balanced on the razor edge of a 50-50 vote. Four states—New York, New Jersey, Indiana, and Illinois—split it 49-51. Pennsylvania and Massachusetts divided 47-53, and California 46-54. All these are pivotal states.

In these "off years," when the Presidency is not at stake and when the charm of the Roosevelt voice on the air is not to be contended against, the Republicans have their best chance of gaining. A light vote is universally conceded as being a help to the Republicans and a detriment to the Democrats.

Although we are not talking about governorships here, it is important for the future whether Democrats or Republicans are running the big key-state machines. In toss-up situations this sometimes decides a national election.

Judge New York with an eye to 1944 rather than to 1942. The election of Bennett would go far toward putting James A. Farley in control of the 1944 situation, both in New York and the nation. It might decide the vital question of whether control of the New York delegation at the Democratic National Convention will slip out of the hands of President Roosevelt. It is assumed that the President, even if he is not a candidate for a fourth term, will want to name his successor. If Farley is in the saddle, he may not be able to.

Another New York contest of national interest is the struggle in the Twenty-sixth Congressional District, where Hamilton Fish is the favorite to come back to Congress in the face of the opposition of the administration, of large segments of his own party, and of the traditionally Republican press in New York. Representative Fish was the leader of the pre-Pearl Harbor isolationist bloc in the House. If he is re-elected, this political issue may be junked for the rest of time.

A great deal of speculation in Washington is devoted to the farmer. Did the President offend him in the Anti-Inflation Bill fight? If so, you will see it reflected in the returns from those key states in capital letters in the adjoining chart.

IN the Senate, where a third of the membership comes up for election every two years, the Democrats needed only eight seats to retain their majority, and those eight were in the bag even before the election; there were that many uncontested Democratic Senate seats. The Republicans, therefore, never stood a chance of controlling the Senate, so let's forget that situation and concentrate on the House.

The House of Representatives has 435 members. Before the election, there were 257 Democrats, 165 Republicans, 5 of other parties, and 8 vacancies. The Republicans were 53 seats short of a majority.

Here, on this page, is a box score form with which Liberty readers can analyze the returns. It concentrates attention on the shifting fortunes of the Republican and Democratic parties rather than on the personal fortunes of the candidates. Maine held its elections September 14 and gave the one Senate and three House seats at issue there to Republicans. This box score table also shows the pre-election distribution of House seats by parties and states. Pivotal states are printed in capitals. Numbers already entered in the "results" column indicate candidates having no opposition and certain of election. The table will aid the reader in seeing for himself the significance of changes in the House line-up, and—what all the world wants to know—how the country is reacting politically to wartime strains and stresses.

THE END

LIBERTY'S ELECTION LINE-UP

STATE	Total House Seats Now	Division of House Seats Now Rep.	Division of House Seats Now Dem.	House Seats at Stake in Nov. 3, 1942 Election	1942 Election Results: House Rep.	1942 Election Results: House Dem.
Alabama	9		9	9		9
Arizona	1		1	2		
Arkansas	7		7	7		7
CALIFORNIA	20	9	9	23	6	5
Colorado	4	3	1	4	1	
Connecticut	6	1	5	6		
Delaware	1		1	1		
Florida	5		5	6		4
Georgia	10		10	10		10
Idaho	2	1	1	2		
ILLINOIS	27	16	11	26		
INDIANA	12	8	4	11		
Iowa	9	7	1	8		
Kansas	7	6	1	6		
Kentucky	9	1	8	9		3
Louisiana	8		8	8		8
Maine	3	3		3	3	
MARYLAND	6		6	6		
MASSACHUSETTS	15	9	5	14	1	1
MICHIGAN	17	11	6	17		
Minnesota	9	8	1	9	1	
Mississippi	7		7	7		7
Missouri	13	3	10	13		
Montana	2	1	1	2		
Nebraska	5	3	2	4		
Nevada	1		1	1		
New Hampshire	2	2		2		
NEW JERSEY	14	10	4	14		
New Mexico	1		1	2		
NEW YORK	45	20	24	45	1	1
North Carolina	11		11	12		5
North Dakota	2	2		2		
OHIO	24	11	11	23		
Oklahoma	9	1	8	8		
Oregon	3	2	1	4		
PENNSYLVANIA	34	16	17	33		
Rhode Island	2		2	2		
South Carolina	6		6	6		6
South Dakota	2	2		2		
Tennessee	9	2	7	10	1	6
Texas	21		21	21		21
Utah	2		2	2		
Vermont	1	1		1		
Virginia	9		9	9		7
Washington	6		5	6		
West Virginia	6		6	6		
Wisconsin	10	6	1	10		
Wyoming	1		1	1		
TOTALS	**435**	**165**	**258**	**435**	**14**	**100**
Additional seats needed to win or keep control of chamber:					204	119
Actual results						

DIRECTIONS FOR USE: Get the complete election returns in your newspaper. Fill in the chart, add up the totals, then read over this article—especially the directions in the adjoining column. You can then draw your own conclusions as to the election's world-wide significance.

SABOTAGE IN THE U.S.A.

THE STORY BEHIND THE NEWS

Further, grimmer facts that warn us all to button our lips lest Hitler and his agents be listening

BY ALAN HYND

A YEAR ago last spring the F. B. I. and co-workers discovered that a second Nazi spy ring, subtler than Fritz Duquesne's, was now headed by one Kurt Frederick Ludwig, who had a girl helper named Lucy Boehmler. A second outlaw short-wave radio set was detected, and Felix Jahnke and Axel Wheeler-Hill were identified with it. There was reason to expect Berlin to try to finance its saboteurs and spies in New York by slipping in, via Werner von Clemm, gem importer, diamonds seized in 1940 in Belgium and Holland.

Late in April, 1941, it was learned that Fritz Duquesne said the Nazi U-boat command *must* have advance information about the sailing of the freighter Robin Moor.

ALTHOUGH war between the United States and the Axis was still more than seven months off, Hitler's undersea wolf packs had for some time been doing all right for themselves. Two freighters owned by a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey—the Joseph Seep and the James McGill—had long since been torpedoed, one in Havre Roads, France, the other in the English Channel. The City of Rayville, owned by the United States Maritime Commission and flying the American flag, had gone down in Australian waters; and the Charles Pratt, another tub—as Fritz Duquesne would have called it—had been Standard Oil of New Jersey's third casualty as the prey of a U-boat off West Africa.

And now Fritz Duquesne was talking about the Robin Moor. William Sebold, Uncle Sam's counterespionage man, wanted to make certain that the Boer's intelligence about the freighter's sailing date would be cleared through him. "Be sure and let me know the date when you get it, Fritz," said Sebold, "and I'll put it on the radio."

"It's a deal," said Duquesne.

The F. B. I. had had easier tasks than keeping track of everybody who entered the Little Casino Restaurant in Yorkville—the nocturnal hangout of the Duquesne mob. Couriers of information such as Wilhelm Siegler, the head butcher on the S.S. America, and Franz Stigler, head baker on the same ship, were now-you-see-them-now-you-don't fellows. Sometimes they were easily trailed; sometimes they would sneak out of the Little Casino by a rear exit or would otherwise manage to evade G-men.

Duquesne himself always operated on the theory that he was being tailed, and he advised every spy who worked with him to do so. One of his most artful methods was to step into a subway train at a station that was not crowded. Then, just as the train was about to pull out, he would get back onto the platform. He knew that any G-man who had followed him into the train would stay on it rather than get off and betray himself.

To foil him, the F. B. I. decided to hold one or more agents in reserve whenever he went into a subway. Thus, if he led one agent into a train and then left it, the others would be in a position to follow him. But this didn't work out. Fritz had anticipated such a stratagem, and he was ready for it with wily dodges by which he sometimes succeeded in giving the slip to them all.

Siegler the butcher and Stigler the baker were among Duquesne's most apt pupils in the art of deceiving the investigators. For this reason Sebold, who was now hanging around the Little Casino at night, always made it a point to be very much on the alert when the two put in an appearance after an absence. Once, when they showed up after having been out of sight for more than a fortnight, they seemed to be bursting with news. Siegler said to Sebold, "I want you to meet Franz and me in Central Park West tomorrow afternoon."

"What's up?" asked Sebold.

Siegler smiled sagely. "You'll see. We're meeting somebody who's got something hot."

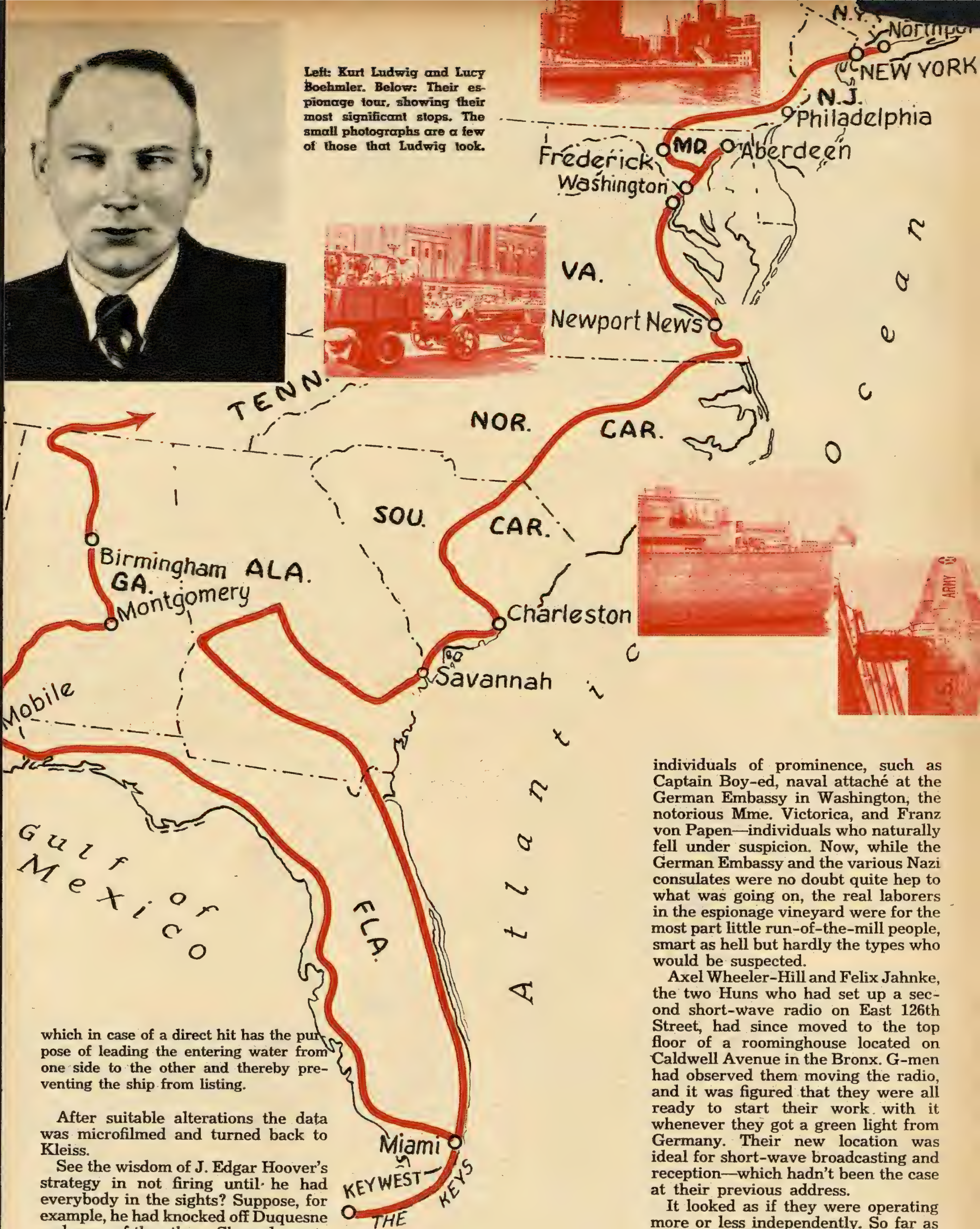
Next afternoon Siegler, Stigler, and Sebold were hanging around the appointed spot. The F. B. I. had a movie camera planted in a truck parked near by. It was Sebold's job to maneuver Siegler and Stigler—and this third person, whoever he might be—within range of the camera.

READING TIME ● 35 MINUTES

In a little while, along came a sullen-looking young man named Hartwig Kleiss, who turned out to be another trans-Atlantic courier. He was just back from an extended trip through the South—a jaunt, it now developed, on which he had been accompanied by Siegler and Stigler. He reached into his pocket and pulled out an envelope. Siegler told him to give it to Sebold. "Herr Sebold will make a microfilm for you," Siegler explained, "and it will be easier for you to conceal when you take it back."

Less than an hour later, an Assistant Director of the F. B. I. was looking at a translation of the long report that Kleiss had written in German. This much of what the Hun spy had recorded can be revealed here:

> I finished my time in the South. . . . It is too bad that during this time I did not have an inconspicuous camera.
>
> The yards in [censored] have lately developed very well and have employed 11,000 men. Various . . . vessels which have been approved for some time were launched there; also certain old ships of four to six thousand tons from the so-called ghost fleet are being conditioned and are reported to be the ones which will be sold to England. . . . In the yard itself every available space is being used for working quarters which have been rapidly constructed. The gang of men of German origin was held together very briefly. Many of them have their own houses and will not commit themselves to anything, so one never knows with whom one is dealing.
>
> A 35,000-ton battleship, which is just in the beginning of its construction, lay in the slip and really has been making very slow progress. . . .
>
> Concerning the reported airplane carriers which are under construction I have learned the following: The weight is 3,500 tons; the outer shell from the bottom to water line one and a quarter inches,



Left: Kurt Ludwig and Lucy Boehmler. Below: Their espionage tour, showing their most significant stops. The small photographs are a few of those that Ludwig took.

which in case of a direct hit has the purpose of leading the entering water from one side to the other and thereby preventing the ship from listing.

After suitable alterations the data was microfilmed and turned back to Kleiss.

See the wisdom of J. Edgar Hoover's strategy in not firing until he had everybody in the sights? Suppose, for example, he had knocked off Duquesne and some of the others. Shrewd agents like this Kleiss, who had not yet shown themselves, would only have been driven deeper underground, there to continue their nefarious work, with all channels that would have led to them severed.

It was becoming increasingly obvious that German espionage was far more cunning now than it had been back in the days of World War I. At that time the kingpins of the spy network in this country had been individuals of prominence, such as Captain Boy-ed, naval attaché at the German Embassy in Washington, the notorious Mme. Victorica, and Franz von Papen—individuals who naturally fell under suspicion. Now, while the German Embassy and the various Nazi consulates were no doubt quite hep to what was going on, the real laborers in the espionage vineyard were for the most part little run-of-the-mill people, smart as hell but hardly the types who would be suspected.

Axel Wheeler-Hill and Felix Jahnke, the two Huns who had set up a second short-wave radio on East 126th Street, had since moved to the top floor of a roominghouse located on Caldwell Avenue in the Bronx. G-men had observed them moving the radio, and it was figured that they were all ready to start their work with it whenever they got a green light from Germany. Their new location was ideal for short-wave broadcasting and reception—which hadn't been the case at their previous address.

It looked as if they were operating more or less independently. So far as the watchers could ascertain, there was no direct link between them and Duquesne. If that was so, the F. B. I. was now on the trail of three separate and distinct espionage groups!

Wheeler-Hill, as a cover, had a job. He was a driver and deliveryman for a soft-drink company that had a dis-

The arrow points out Hans Pagel, water-front spy, in a "German inauguration ceremony" at Bund Camp Siegfried in 1939. This photograph was later found among his belongings.

tributing plant in Greenwich Village. The agents trailing him were quick to see the advantage of the job, since he was permitted to have the truck after working hours. Such a vehicle—with the name of his employer splashed across its sides, together with a snappy advertising slogan—would hardly be the type of conveyance to arouse suspicion if, for example, it should be parked near a vital defense area.

The soundness of this F. B. I. deduction was borne out when Wheeler-Hill, accompanied by Jahnke, hopped into the truck and drove to Brooklyn. G-men trailing them saw Jahnke get out at a pier on the Brooklyn water front, near Fulton Street, and proceed, *unchallenged*, right to a point where munitions shipments for England were piled high. Jahnke trained a flashlight on the crates. The black block lettering that he saw was certainly plain enough. It revealed the point of origin, the contents, and the destination. And there in the moonlight was the freighter by which the matériel was going out.

JAHNKE needed to know only one thing now—when the freighter was to leave. He could find that out quickly enough. There was a saloon near by where seamen who loaded the munitions during the day spent their evenings. Jahnke went in and ordered a schooner of beer. An agent who followed him in and, for the first time that night, got a good look at him, saw that the ex-German army officer was dressed for the occasion. He was roughly attired and looked like a dock-walloper.

The combination of alcohol and wagging tongues was ideal for Jahnke. He struck up an acquaintance with two seamen from the freighter. At a propitious moment he asked a simple question: "When do you shove off?" The answer was, "Tuesday night."

Wheeler-Hill meanwhile was busy at the great Bush Terminal, one of the vital shipping points of the entire Atlantic seaboard. Using somewhat the same technique as Jahnke, he came away with some pretty hot information, too. However, thanks to the alertness of the G-men, certain steps were taken that rendered both his and Jahnke's information useless to Hitler's U-boats. But—how many more Wheeler-Hills and Jahnkes were there that the Federals didn't even know about?

Next night those two drove in the soft-drink truck to a hole-in-the-wall bookshop in East 85th Street, in the heart of Little Berlin, as some of the investigators were now calling Yorkville. The clerk—a dark young man in his middle twenties—gave them a quick glance of recognition. He hurried to a shelf, got down a book, wrapped it in brown paper, and handed it to Wheeler-Hill. G-men watching through powerful glasses could see that very little conversation took place between the visitors and the young clerk. One thing seemed certain: Wheeler-Hill had not asked for the book which had been handed to him, nor had he paid for it. Thus the bookshop—and the young man in it—became objects of F. B. I. surveillance.

It turned out the young man was, in fact, merely a clerk, and that he lived not far from the shop. Next morning G-men got a good likeness of his face with a concealed camera. When enlarged, the picture was put through an F. B. I. routine by which facial measurements are compared with those in pictures on file. It was found that this clerk, Paul Scholz by name, had never had a brush with the law. Moreover, he had not previously come to notice at any time, even though the F. B. I. had long since had the whole of Yorkville under surveillance. He was an innocent-appearing fellow who looked to be, if anything, on the dull side.

That night Scholz was followed across the George Washington Bridge into Hudson Heights, a quiet little community in northern New Jersey. He proceeded to a house on Palisades Avenue. That was in the territory of the Newark Field Office of the F. B. I., so the New York agents asked if the Newark ones knew anything about the occupant of a room on the second floor rear in the Palisades Avenue house—the place where Scholz was known to be visiting.

Yes, Newark knew quite a bit. The man Scholz was visiting was Carl Alfred Reuper, a thirty-seven-year-old naturalized German employed as a mechanic in the North Jersey plant of Bendix Air Associates, airplane manufacturers. Reuper had been under surveillance for some time. Not that the F. B. I. had been able to get anything on him; it was just that he was a member of the German-American Bund working in an airplane plant.

It so happened that Reuper had been professing great friendship for a German-born American citizen who worked at Bendix—a loyal young man whom we shall refer to here merely by his first name, Kurt.

G-men had talked with Kurt on the q. t. and had told him to report to them the moment Reuper stepped out of line.

AS so often happens, things began to come to a head all at once. No sooner had the New York agents established the connection between Reuper and Wheeler-Hill and Jahnke, by way of Scholz, than Kurt visited the Newark offices of the F. B. I. Reuper, it developed, had come clean with him at last. "Kurt," he had said as they ate their lunch sandwiches in the sunshine across the street from the factory, "you can do great good to the world if you want to."

Kurt had asked how. Reuper had smiled. "Easy," he had said. "You know the big secret that they have in this place—the secret about their machines that they don't want to get out?" Kurt had nodded. "Well, all you have to do is to get me a blueprint of that secret. You're in the office all the time where that blueprint is."

"But how," Kurt had asked, "could we get away with it? The blueprint would be missed."

Again Reuper had smiled. "You just stick it in your pocket at night and slip it to me. I'll make a photograph of it and have it back within an hour."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"It's for the Fatherland. Kurt, you've got to do everything you can for the country of your birth. *This* country—to hell with it!"

Kurt, carefully coached in advance

This was Kurt Ludwig's radio-transmitting equipment. He kept it carefully concealed in the basement of a house on Long Island.

by the F. B. I., had asked, "How much would I get for that?"

Reuper had not smiled. His face had darkened. "Why," he had demanded, "do you think of money at a time like this, when the Fatherland is fighting for its life against those nations that have ground it down?"

"But wouldn't I get anything?"

"Certainly. You would get something that money could never buy." Reuper's face had been solemn and a fanatical light had appeared in his eyes. "Kurt, you would get an autographed picture of der Führer!"

So Reuper wanted plans of the Bendix secret. Well, the F. B. I. supplied him with plans—but *what* plans! A phony blueprint was fixed up for him to copy, and what he eventually sent across the Hudson to Wheeler-Hill and Jahnke by Scholz, the bookshop clerk, bore about as much resemblance to the Bendix secret as F. D. R. does to Hitler.

It developed that Reuper had something of an organization of his own—Bund traitors who worked in half a dozen vital plants in northern New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania, and who were turning information over to him regularly. The overall spy set-up resembled one of those complicated business organization charts, with an executive in control of a holding company which controls various subsidiaries, which in turn control sub-subsidiaries. The farther the F. B. I. got below the surface, the farther, they realized, they would have to go if they were to get to the bottom of all this. Apparently the Huns had begun their boring from within years before. *And from the looks of things, the New York spies stood in a fair way to alter the entire course of the war—in Hitler's favor.*

IT was toward the first of May, 1941—when the Duquesne crowd had been under surveillance for fifteen months and the Ludwig gang for about six weeks—that another letter addressed to a Nazi mail drop in Lisbon was intercepted. One glance at the letter showed that it had come from the typewriter of Lucy Boehmler, the girl from Maspeth, Long Island, who worked for Kurt Ludwig. The typewritten side of the sheet of paper read, in part, as follows:

> . . . from a financial standpoint my present work is a very great disappointment . . . as I wrote you before the expenses are much higher than expected and will rise still further—as I am now doing business on a bigger scale—I could not save anything in the past two years—on the contrary I had to spend what I had saved in better years.

The letter was signed "Joe," meaning Ludwig. When the blank side of the paper was given a treatment to show up the kind of invisible ink that Ludwig used, here's what appeared, in English and in Ludwig's handwriting:

> Re: Grumman Aircraft Plant on Long Island: according to inside information just received from a friend of Helen's

Signed with the proudest signature in whiskeydom

Sealed with the green stamp that stands for the strictest whiskey standards in the world

and Delicious with the fine rich flavor of Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey at its glorious best

Within the ivy-covered walls of this distillery no whiskey other than Old Taylor has ever been made.

OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD
TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.)

TAX NOTE: *You pay no tax on the quality of a whiskey—only on the quantity. Why not choose the best?*

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

F. B. I. shots. Left to right: Ludwig on the terrace of a hotel in Pennsylvania, and Stigler and Kleiss, both in Sebold's "office."

who works here the production of the Sky Rocket (F S F 1) did not start yet —the U. S. Navy had the only one which has been made so far—they are working now on a new airplane for the US Navy —details follow later—the new factory is not finished yet—have great difficulty in getting all the steel girders and other steel parts—the 4 walls are standing and a part of the building is under roof— Some time ago Grumman received an order for a hundred fighters (G 36 A 2) 20 of them are finished but are still here and are only accumulating dust— work on a British order was discontinued, apparently till payment will be arranged satisfactorily—Prod. during fall of 1940 included fighters for US Navy, amphibians and commercial planes— Now they are working on an order for the US Navy of 81 fighters (Fy F 32) Present prod. is 4 fighters a day—Last fall it was about 2 a day. The newspaper reports about the recent accident of a P-40 were all fake—the pilot of the P-40 could not check the power dive, and so he crashed—that was all—British orders are about 15% of total business.

THE F. B. I. noted the name of "Helen" in the message. They wondered whether that was code for Lucy Boehmler, or whether it meant there was a second woman in the plot. If it did, she was a woman to be reckoned with, for it is no longer a military secret to disclose that whoever had supplied the original information about the Grumman plant had hit it right on the button.

Nor was Grumman the only establishment of its kind under the penetrating gaze of the Ludwig outfit. Up came this message in invisible ink, in the Bermuda laboratory:

Re: Bell Aircraft Corp.—Buffalo—
Employment—Oct. 15, 1939—1,064
Jan. 1, 1940—1,160
Oct. 15, 1940—3,237
Dec. 31, 1940—4,300
Backlog:
Oct. 15, 1940: About $65,000,000
Jan., 1941: About $60,000,000
Production: Oct., 1940:
About 3 P— 39 for U. S. Army and
3 P—400 for Britain

And then this one, also from Ludwig:

. . . the S.S. Egyptian Prince, 3,490 tons was seen on Apr. 20 and 22nd at Pier 96—black hull—buff superstructure—On April 20 on barges near Pier 90 were 4 bombers (Hudsons) and three mosquito boats—on April 18 at Pier 4— Brooklyn—45 St—the British freighter Welsh Prince—dark gray hull—yellow superstructure—black funnel—at Pier 3 a Dutch freighter—at Pier 2 an English steamer of about six thousand tons— black hull—buff superstructure—black funnel—sorry could not get name. . . .

Just who was supplying Ludwig with all this information—and every bit of it was as right as rain—was a sixty-four-dollar question for the G-men. He seldom received any mail at his boardinghouse in Brooklyn or in his box at the main Post Office in New York City. Inasmuch as the investigators had been keeping track of him every minute since they had first come across his trail at the Spanish Consulate, they were certain that he hadn't done this spying himself. It looked, then, as if he was getting his dope over the telephone—and G-men then found it difficult to tap phones, even those of people like Ludwig.

One night he led them to the little town of Northport, near Oyster Bay, on the north shore of Long Island. He let himself into a small darkened cottage in a lonely section near the water. A light in one of the rooms was snapped on, but the shades were drawn and the watchers couldn't see what he was doing. He was inside for almost two hours.

After he left, to be trailed back to his boardinghouse, the law again stood in the G-men's way. They are not permitted to enter private premises without a search warrant, and to have sworn out a warrant would have been to tip their hand.

It seemed plain enough, though, that Ludwig had a radio—the third such Nazi set known to be operating in the New York area—and that he had been in communication with Station AOR in Hamburg. He was apparently operating with one of those new Nazi codes that couldn't be cracked unless the investigators knew what book of fiction the key to it was based upon. The inference was that Ludwig was using the radio for only the most urgent messages. The departure of a freighter with important cargo for England, for example, might be the occasion for such a message.

Shortly after his visit to Northport, Ludwig and Lucy Boehmler, each with a suitcase, drove into New York. They were obviously off on a trip. The trail led through the Holland Tunnel to northern New Jersey, thence over the Pulaski Skyway to the Lincoln Highway. Sixty-odd miles farther on Ludwig was in Pennsylvania. Trailing him was quite difficult, for on the open stretches he was hitting it up at about seventy miles an hour.

G-men were afraid that if they kept fastened to him at that rate they would betray themselves. Near Philadelphia, they pulled up and telephoned ahead to a point where other G-men, anticipating at least part of Ludwig's probable route, were stationed. They relayed the license number of Ludwig's car.

It was touch-and-go as Ludwig skirted Philadelphia and headed toward Delaware and Maryland, but the G-men managed to stick. He and Lucy called it a day at Frederick, Maryland, and checked into adjoining rooms in a hotel.

EARLY next morning they drove to Fort George G. Meade. There, at various points on the edge of the reservation, Ludwig took photographs. Then he brought out a pair of field glasses, made careful observations, and went to his parked car and began to dictate to Lucy.

Next stop, the Government Proving Ground at Aberdeen. What they did there was much the same as what they had done at Camp Meade.

From Maryland they drove to Virginia. In that state they went to Camp Pendleton, Fort Story, Fort Myer, Fort Belvoir, and Langley Field, and to Newport News, where a naval ship was being launched. They had no trouble whatsoever in slipping past the guards around the shipyards. Ludwig brought out his little camera and snapped away to his heart's content.

In South Carolina, Fort Jackson was the first stop. While Ludwig was busy taking photographs, Lucy struck up acquaintances with soldiers leaving the fort. With one soldier she made a date for that night—a date that she obviously had no intention of keeping. A G-man who remained behind to question the soldier learned that she had asked him quite a few personal questions. In this way she had wheedled out of him detailed secret information about the type and strength of Fort Jackson troops—just the sort of information that would be grist for the mill of the wily Dr. Borchardt, who analyzed information gathered by the Ludwig crowd. Now do you see what those "Button-Your-Lip" posters mean?

The Fort Jackson routine was repeated at Fort Sumter. Then the pair lit out for a certain defense plant. It was an important one, closely integrated with the very hub of the overall defense wheel. Lucy and her boss hit the place a little before noon, when the workmen would be pouring out to eat their lunches outdoors.

The girl gave the eye to several workmen before one impressionable young man responded. Through the whole lunch hour she and this worker talked. Later, while she was sitting in the parked car with Ludwig, feverishly writing in a stenographer's notebook, the investigators questioned the workman. If ever a gullible individual had fallen dangerously for an attractive bill of feminine goods, this guy was it. Here's what had happened:

AFTER Lucy made a date to meet the young man that night—another date that she had no intention of keeping—she grew more serious. She said she had a brother who was ill—not too ill to hold a job but ill enough to have to seek a warmer climate than New York. She wanted to know what the chances were of the brother getting a job in this factory.

Chances were pretty good, the workman told Lucy. How good? she wanted to know. He went into details, describing various jobs in the plant, telling how many workmen there were on each, and how the factory would need hundreds more very shortly because of plans for expansion as a result of rush government orders. In fine, he divulged to the blonde spy every last inside detail about the factory and its place in Uncle Sam's defense set-up. He disclosed precisely the type of information of which the German High Command was desperately in need.

Georgia was next on the Ludwig-Boehmler timetable. Camp Stewart, Camp Wheeler, and Fort Benning were the principal points of call there. Ludwig was still taking photographs and using his field glass to his heart's content, without anybody interfering with him in the slightest. In fact, at Camp Wheeler two soldiers coming off the reservation stood and watched him taking photographs. Ludwig fell into conversation with them, and it later developed, when G-men questioned them, that they had made suggestions to him as to how he could get photographs of more interesting points than the ones he had been shooting at!

Lucy by this time had reduced to something of a science her technique of making a new acquaintance and ripening it quickly—a process in which sex had an obvious part. Whatever may be said of her approach, she was successful at each and every camp where she trotted out her wiles. Moreover, the girl was proving to be far more astute than the G-men had

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

The Civil Air Patrol is a typically ingenious American organization comprised of 55,000 men and women fliers from every walk of life, voluntarily united into a semi-military organization cooperating with our military air forces. Authorized to patrol shipping lanes on all coasts, the C.A.P. has established itself as one of the most useful and dependable branches of the O.C.D. Champion Spark Plugs are prime favorites with these pilots because they know they are absolutely dependable in their planes as in their cars.

It's squarely up to you to make your car last for the duration. S-L-O-W down your driving habits to conserve your tires. —S-T-R-E-T-C-H the mileage you get from every gallon of gas, to the maximum. Check your spark plugs regularly. Have a Champion Spark Plug Dealer test and clean them every 4,000 miles. These economical practices are your patriotic duty.

"Old plugs invite trouble", and winter is just around the corner! Cold weather causes hard starting and increased use of choke resulting in wasteful gas consumption. If your spark plugs are carbon encrusted, electrodes burned away, otherwise worn out or of inferior quality, economy and efficiency are further handicapped. In this event, new Champions are sound economy, as they will quickly liquidate their cost in gas savings alone.

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

thought her. When she singled out a soldier, she would pick a smart one—the type who would know of everything that was going on at camp. Then she would proceed to outsmart him. When questioned by G-men after their encounters with her, every one of these soldiers was amazed at himself for having spilled the information he had to this none too smart-looking blonde who had so suddenly crossed his path.

On the sixth day of their jaunt Ludwig and Lucy landed in Miami. The Pan American Clipper Airport there occupied them for the greater part of the morning, and in the afternoon they spent what appeared to be several successful hours at the Opa Locka Naval Base. Early in the evening they set out for the Keys, where they inspected points that would be vital once war broke out. Returning, they backtracked until they hit the Naval Air Station at Pensacola. There Ludwig got out his camera, but—for the first time during the trip—an objection was made to his activities. Two guards gave him a quick heave-ho.

After Florida, Hitler's tourists headed up into Alabama. They buzzed around defense plants in such places at Montgomery, Birmingham, and Mobile. Lucy pulled the ill-brother gag at every plant, and got just what she wanted. Then she and her boss went to work with camera, field glasses, and feminine wiles at Fort McClellan and Reilly Field, and at the Selma Air Base. Their job in Alabama done, they hopped up to Tennessee. The Wilson and Wheeler Dams were of great interest to Ludwig, and he got some fine photographs, with the aid of a particularly friendly workman at Wheeler Dam.

WEST VIRGINIA was on the return route. Ludwig had an accident there when his car went off the road and hit a United States highway marker. He was held up for twenty-four hours while repairs were made to his car. The bad news that he got from the repair shop was that the job would cost him eighty dollars. G-men knew he didn't have that much with him if all he had started out with was the two hundred he had drawn from the bank, for they had kept careful note of his expenditures. He went into a Western Union office and sent a wire. One of Hoover's agents went in right after him and tore off the top sheet of the pad of blanks on which he had written his message. An impression of the message was on the blank. It showed that the spy had wired for money to a Mrs. Helen Pauline Mayer, who lived in the Ridgewood section of Brooklyn, and had mentioned that his trip had been "most successful."

G-men in Brooklyn found Helen Pauline Mayer to be a rather attractive woman under thirty, slim and on the tall side. She was American born and was married to a German who had come to this country many years previously but had never become naturalized. The investigators were quick to note that Mrs. Mayer's first name was the same as that of the person mentioned in the intercepted letter who had a friend in the Grumman Aircraft plant.

When Ludwig and Lucy Boehmler returned from their trip, there was a big party at Helen Pauline Mayer's house in Brooklyn. Ludwig and Lucy were present, and so were three young men, one of whom looked particularly interesting because he was a soldier. He was wearing the rod-and-serpent insignia of the Medical Corps—which tied in nicely with a remark of Ludwig's, in one of the letters intercepted in Bermuda, that he had succeeded in planting one of his spies in the government hospital at Governors Island.

WHEN the party broke up early in the morning, with heel-clicking and beery heil-Hitlers, the soldier was tailed to Governors Island in New York Bay, and the two other young men to Brooklyn.

The soldier—a private—turned out to be one René Froehlich, a second-generation German. He had been a winner in the original Washington draft lottery, and had been shipped, about three months before, from the Reception Center at Camp Upton, New York, to Fort Benning, Georgia, where he had been attached to the Fourth Division, Company F, Eighth Infantry Regiment. This seemed to explain why such accurate, detailed information on Fort Benning had shown up in one of Ludwig's intercepted letters.

Some weeks before, Private Froehlich had requested a transfer to the New York area, on the grounds that his mother was seriously ill—which happened to be true. He had been assigned to, of all places, a desk where it was his job to make entries in the arrival and discharge sheets of the government hospital on the island. Because patients in this particular hospital came from camps all over the country for treatment of run-of-the-mill diseases, they represented not only a cross section of but an up-to-date indication of the changing over-all strength and concentration of the United States Army.

"Just told my congressman where to get off!"

This explained how intercepted information relating to army strength, which had obviously come from Dr. Borchardt, the analyst of the Ludwig spy group, had hit the nail on the head. All a man like Borchardt had to do was to get straight data on how many cases of a certain common ailment had come from a certain camp to the Governors Island hospital, and start multiplying.

A watch was put on Private Froehlich. He was a soft-voiced, effeminate sort of fellow who had taken quite a kidding from other soldiers at Fort Benning for his swishy way of walking. He was seen retrieving from a wastebasket the A. and D. sheets which were made out fresh daily, making copies of them, and taking the copies to his locker. To stymie Froehlich until the time came for his arrest, the investigators fed spurious data to him.

THE two young men who had been trailed from Helen Mayer's to Brooklyn were Hans Pagel, a sullen-looking customer with thick-lensed eyeglasses, and Karl Mueller, a second-generation Heinie with dark wavy hair, half-closed eyes, and tight lips. The first twenty-four hours of surveillance disclosed that these two covered the Manhattan water front. The morning after G-men first got them in the sights, Pagel and Mueller began a survey of North River steamship piers from Fifty-ninth Street down to the low Forties.

Their technique was similar to that of Wheeler-Hill and Jahnke, the two Huns who covered the Bush Terminal and other piers in Brooklyn. Pagel and Mueller, seemingly familiar with the North River water front from long experience, walked out on piers at will, examined the origin, contents, and destination lettering on crates of matériels awaiting shipment to England, and openly recorded their findings in notebooks. Among other things, they sauntered onto the French Line pier where the Normandie was berthed, and for more than twenty minutes they studied the one-time luxury liner. At one pier where plane parts were being loaded on a vessel about to depart, the lettering on the crates was not informative enough for Pagel, so he sought—and got—additional information from a dock-walloper!

If the eyes of the American public were not open to the menace of espionage and potential sabotage in the spring of last year, the eyes of the F. B. I. were. While the Hoover organization was forced to continue skating on thin ice by leaving Duquesne, Wheeler-Hill and Jahnke and Ludwig and their cohorts free until the identity of the last possible spy was known, considerable protective action was being taken behind the scenes as a result of observations made during surveillance of these spies. For one thing, the future activities of persons like Mueller and Pagel, the water-front boys, would be considerably less valuable to the Third Reich because they would be copying, from now on, false markings on crates containing matériel.

So far as could be ascertained, there had been no squawks from Berlin or Hamburg about the altered or delayed information that was coming from this country. The F. B. I. read something into that, too. The absence of complaints must mean that Germany was satisfied because it was getting plenty of authentic information through channels where the F. B. I. was not yet on the beam.

Ludwig had lost no time in getting down to the business of putting in writing, with invisible ink, his observations during his Southern tour. He was now using fictitious return addresses in Chicago and Kansas City on the envelopes addressed to the Nazi mail drop in Lisbon, but the letters were spotted just the same, because G-men had looked over the envelopes when Ludwig had dropped them at the main New York Post Office. Some of his information was permitted to go through, after a delay that robbed it of its value. Other data were skillfully altered so that they would do the Huns more harm than good, and still other stuff was sent to Washington, with copies to London. Three of the most interested readers of Ludwig's information were President Roosevelt, Secretary of State Hull, and Prime Minister Churchill.

FRITZ DUQUESNE had learned the departure date of the freighter Robin Moor from the Erie Basin in Brooklyn, and had turned the information over to Sebold. False data as to the sailing time and the route the ship was to take were sent to Hamburg from Sebold's radio in Centerport, Long Island, and the counterespionage forces figured that they had won that battle of wits at least.

When the ship, flying the Stars and Stripes, was torpedoed, shelled, and sent to the bottom by a German U-boat in the South Atlantic on May 21, 1941, Washington presumed that the sinking was the result of submarine vigilance rather than advance intelligence. Then an air-mail letter from Lisbon, addressed to Ludwig at P. O. Box 185, main New York Post Office, was picked off by the Bermuda censors. A simple test revealed a message in invisible ink that was short and sweet:

> Many thanks for information on the Robin Moor. We got it May 21.

The grapevine from inside Germany was still working, and additional details about the sabotage academy were filtering through to Washington. The Psychopath of the Wilhelmstrasse was really planning to go to town in a big way, over here, when he considered the time ripe. The dope was, though, that he was in no hurry. He didn't want to start his sabotage campaign until it was really worth while —until our shipyards and tank, plane, and munitions factories were hitting on all cylinders.

Hitler's program, the intelligence had it, was going to be carried out by two types of saboteurs—men who would work under cover, such as those being trained in the academy, and men who would operate more or less in the open, like suicide squads. Berlin knew that the F. B. I. had its eye on potential saboteurs in the United States. But Berlin didn't give a damn. Such men, the Nazis knew, would not be picked up until they did something. And they wouldn't do anything until they were ready to strike like lightning in the night. Then, if they accomplished what was expected of them, what happened to them personally wouldn't matter to Berlin. They would be regarded as incidental expenses, and human life to Hitler is dirt cheap.

THE saboteurs who would work in the open would also serve as red herrings to divert attention from those who would work below the surface. Men like George John Dasch, the ex-waiter, Edward John Kerling, the ex-butler from New Jersey, and Hermann Neubauer, the one-time Chicago hotel cook, who had been repatriated to Germany to attend the sabotage academy, were regarded as too important to get caught. Hitler was looking toward a long war, no matter what Goebbels was mouthing, and he wanted men like Dasch, Kerling, and Neubauer to carry on a program of at least two years' duration.

From intelligence from inside Berlin, and from other sources that must remain concealed, it was known that elaborate covers were being prepared for the saboteurs in attendance at the academy. When they returned to the United States, either by rubber boats put out from submarines or by parachutes from planes leaving aircraft carriers, Dasch, Kerling, Neubauer, and the others were to be equipped with counterfeit draft registration cards, spurious Social Security numbers, and false letters of recommendation purporting to account for their employment during the time they had really been in Germany.

Facsimiles of draft and Social Security cards had turned up in mail intercepted. So had photographs of such strategic railroad arteries as Hell Gate Bridge and Horseshoe Bend, such potential panic centers as the interiors of New York's Pennsylvania and Grand Central railroad terminals and a leading big department store, and such key points on the war-production map as the interiors of the Chrysler tank plant, the Vultee aircraft establishment, and the duPont powder works.

If there were leaks in strategic spots in this country, there were leaks in Berlin too. Some of the students at the sabotage academy talked out of turn when their tongues were loosened by ersatz schnapps. Ears sympathetic to the United States thus heard that in the academy there were scale models, hundreds of them, of future objects of sabotage in the United States —models all built by engineers, assisted by toy makers, according to specifications supplied by men like Fritz Duquesne. Instructors in the academy —old hands at the game of wholesale destruction—patiently pointed out to the students just how to get through vigilance rings and how to plant explosive charges where a maximum of damage would result from a minimum of effort.

Almost a year had now passed since Customs agents at the port of New York had begun suspiciously eying Werner von Clemm, the German-born socialite president of the Pioneer Import Corporation which, it was expected, would try to bring in as German stones diamonds that the Nazis had seized in the Low Countries. But von Clemm, a relative by marriage of Nazi Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop, had not slipped yet; he was a cagey bird. Yet his furtiveness, and intelligence from various points in Europe, gave clear indication that he was busy laying the groundwork for flooding the U. S. A. with the illegal stones and thus establishing a fund of millions of dollars to finance an army of spies and saboteurs.

LATELY von Clemm had been getting Western Union and Postal Telegraph cables and RCA wireless messages from such neutral points as Switzerland and Portugal. That looked suspicious, so the government subpoenaed the messages on the q. t. The messages didn't seem to be in any sort of code, but their contents were so innocuous, ostensibly, that they excited further suspicion.

Mathias F. Correa, United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, called in a cryptographer to make head and tail of von Clemm's cables and wirelesses. The code, so ingenious that it can't be discussed here, was soon broken. This was late in May, almost a month before Germany unexpectedly marched into Russia. The last message that von Clemm had received removed any lingering vestige of doubt as to how high a man he was on the Nazi totem pole.

"Listen to this," said United States Attorney Correa to an assistant, as he thumbed through the breakdown of Von's latest message. "Von Clemm is being advised to make no arrangements for any shipments to come in from Germany by way of Russia and the Pacific Coast, *because Germany has made final plans to attack Russia.*"

Of the gravely important developments that led to the arrests of the Duquesne and Wheeler-Hill spy rings' members, all that can now be told—and it certainly is a lot!—will be made public in Liberty next week.

GET YOUR GIRL

War and separation may make people in love see things clearly, but socking a rival may be a big help, too!

BY ROGER GARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

SHE rested her elbows upon the red-topped, chromium-trimmed table and said: "You look very well. You really look very well."

"I've put on eleven pounds," he said.

"Have you! That's fine. The blessings of regular living—" She gazed around her. "Is this where you eat?"

"No. This is a service club—sodas, candy, sandwiches, that sort of thing. We eat in mess halls, those long buildings on either side of the street."

"It's attractive. Though I suppose it doesn't strike you that way, after the Stork Club and 21."

"I like it all right."

She was still gazing about the service club, and Martin could look directly at her now. She wore a tailored dress and a small brown hat that went well with her eyes. She was very pretty. There was a time when she was too thin, too much eyes and her mouth tight from keeping her lips pressed together, but that time was passed. She was poised now, cool, complete.

He asked her, "How is Bob?"

"He's fine. He's been offered a commission in the Engineers."

"I see. He'll look well as an officer, won't he?" He leaned toward her, and the thing that he did not wish to say was on his lips: "You should have married Bob in the first place, Courtney."

She did not speak. He went on:

"They told you that—your family told you that, didn't they? They said you shouldn't marry an artist—temperamental, impractical. They were right, too, weren't they?"

She said, low, "Please, Martin."

"You grew up together, you and Bob. Same environment, same sort of families. Financially solid, socially correct—what could have been more proper than for you to marry Bob? Instead you took that apartment in the Village because you wanted to paint—and you met me—"

She arose. "I'm afraid I'll have to go."

He stared at her a moment, standing there, and in his eyes was a quick, fierce hunger. It was instantly gone. He said:

"I'm sorry, Courtney. I'm truly sorry. Forgive me. It won't happen again, I promise you. Please sit down."

She waited, gazing at him, and then sat down and took a notebook from her purse.

"I have a list of all the house things here. I thought you might look over them. Take whatever you wish, of course."

"If you don't mind, Courtney, I'd rather not."

"You mean you don't want to look at the list I made?"

"I'd rather let things stand as they are. There is nothing I want."

"Well—" She turned the pages of the notebook with her long fingers. "This was, of course, the reason I came. The lawyers could have taken care of all the rest. But I thought there might be some things you'd want to keep that you'd prefer to tell me about—personal things. That empty Benedictine bottle you used to have on your dresser—the one we took from that little restaurant—remember? And the head of Dionysius—"

"Thanks, no. There isn't anything."

"Is it because you have no place to keep them? If you like, I'll keep them for you until you come out and have a place of your own."

"That's very kind of you. There isn't a thing. What you don't want, throw away. Or give them to your local salvage committee."

A faint, scarcely discernible flush colored her cheeks. It was gone immediately. She said, "Then there is nothing more to be settled. I'd better start back. The others are waiting for me at the inn."

"What others?"

"Cliff and Lorraine Breden. They drove down with me. And Bob Carter."

"Bob came with you?"

"Yes. Well, Martin—"

He clasped her hand. It was warm, firm. "If I don't see you again—good luck, Courtney."

"Good luck to you, Martin. Not very romantic, is it? An army service club—" For an instant another look came into her eyes, but then she said brightly: "Perhaps it will be quite the usual thing for men and women of the future to make—and break—troths over chromium tables in service clubs. Good-by, Martin."

"So long, Courtney."

When she had gone, driving away in the tan-colored phaeton they had bought two years before, he went out into the pale afternoon sunlight. On the steps of mess halls along the street soldiers sat, smoking, talking. To the right, on the athletic field, a soft-ball game was in progress. In the distance could be heard the dull sound of anti-aircraft gunnery practice.

Martin turned left, toward the parade grounds, deserted now. The feeling of objectivity was coming back—the ability to see things at a distance. It was only since he had been in camp that he was able to do that. Before, everything was close, a part of one.

As soon as the divorce was final, Courtney would marry Bob. That, of course, was settled. Perhaps it had been inevitable from the beginning. How could he have thought to hold Courtney? He had tried, though—how he had tried! He had tried from the moment they met at that party in the Village, when he had fallen in love with her. He had been squeezing out a living as a free-lance artist—a few magazine illustrations, charcoals of little darlings in party dresses, things like that.

COURTNEY had been trying serious stuff. It really was pretty bad, but Martin never told her that. Her teacher, however, finally did—and there followed bitter disappointment for Courtney, he comforting her as well as he could. And then she had dried the tears, put her chin up again—and two weeks later they were married.

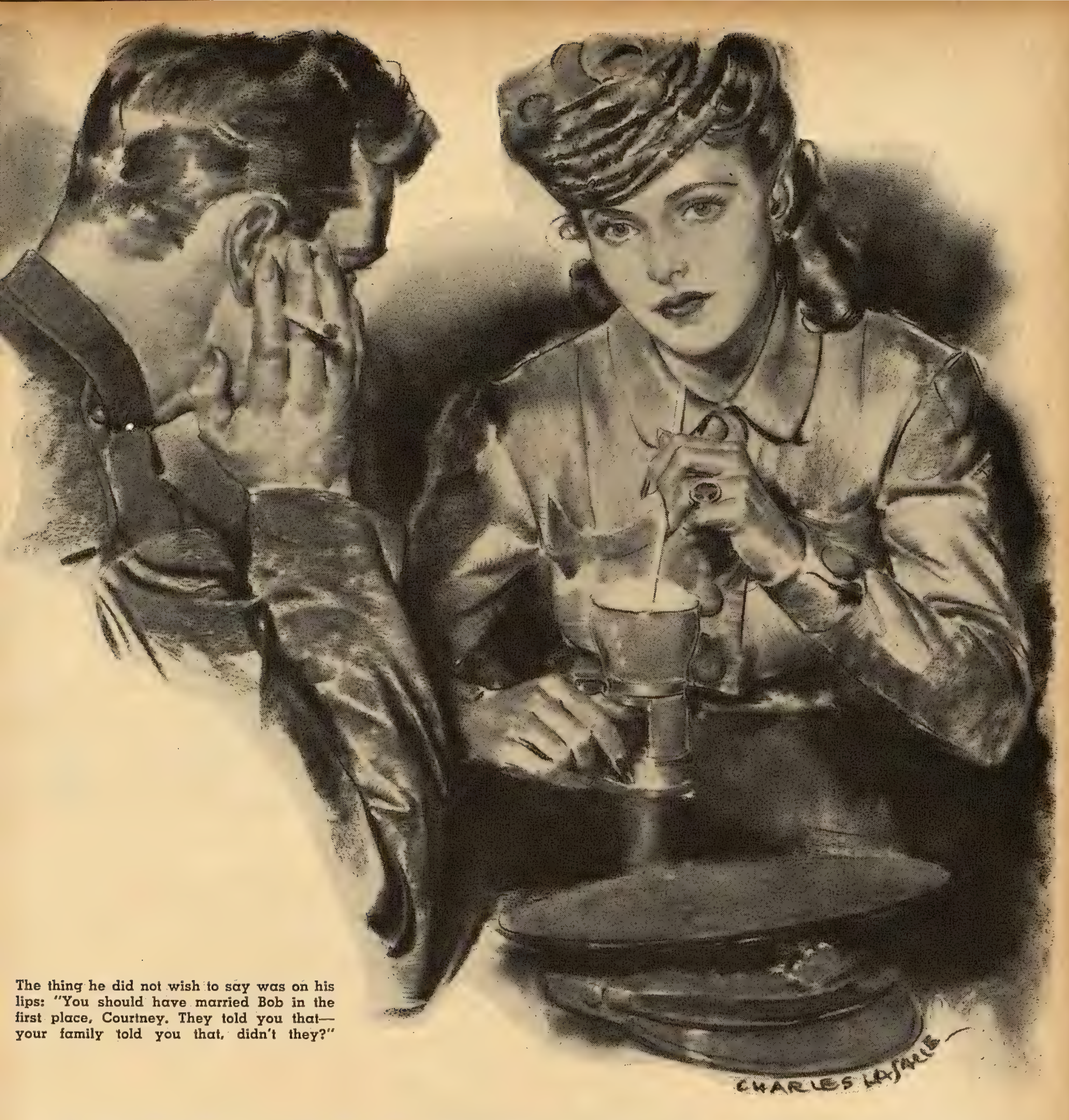
That was when the real pull began. Martin had known about Bob—she told him. She also told him she was not in love with Bob. That was enough for Martin—that was all he needed. He began to work as though the Furies drove him. They were living in a small apartment studio, and Martin worked from early morning until the light failed. Frequently he forgot to eat. He lost pounds of weight—but he made the grade.

His stuff began to sell. Magazines sought him out, he was given more commissions than he could handle. There were no more party-dress darlings—unless the mothers could afford the four figures he demanded. They moved from the studio apartment to a huge place uptown. They became full-fledged members of café society. The gossip columnists made them well known figures in Missoula, Montana, and Waterbury, Connecticut—wherever the columns were syndicated. They had everything—success, money—even Bob could have given her no more.

Yes, he had made it. And then—what?

It was difficult to recall how it had started. There was the liquor, of course—but it wasn't only that. That was just a part of it. Back of it all was the feeling of unsureness—of fear that he had, after all, lost out with Courtney. He would have stopped drinking

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES



The thing he did not wish to say was on his lips: "You should have married Bob in the first place, Courtney. They told you that—your family told you that, didn't they?"

if she had asked him to. She did not ask him. She just said, one evening: "If you don't mind, Martin, I think I'll stay home tonight. I'm rather tired." And he had said, "Of course. Do you want me to—" And she had told him, "No, certainly not. You go along. They'll be expecting you, won't they?"

So he had gone. That was the first time. Later there were many more times like that. Not once did she ask him to stay home with her. Why hadn't she? If she had only said, "Martin, would you mind, just this one evening—"

But she hadn't.

He began to drink savagely. Then there was that girl, Louise Bromley. Even now he couldn't remember where he had met her. She was some one to drink with, some one to have near. It didn't matter much who she was. But, somehow, they seemed to gravitate together more and more. . . .

Martin took out a cigarette, lit it. After the first break, things moved rapidly. The quiet talk with Courtney that fall afternoon. The decision. He moving to a hotel, where he found work difficult, almost impossible. Pearl Harbor. His enlistment. The starting of divorce proceedings, he accepting service of the papers one day as he came in from the rifle range.

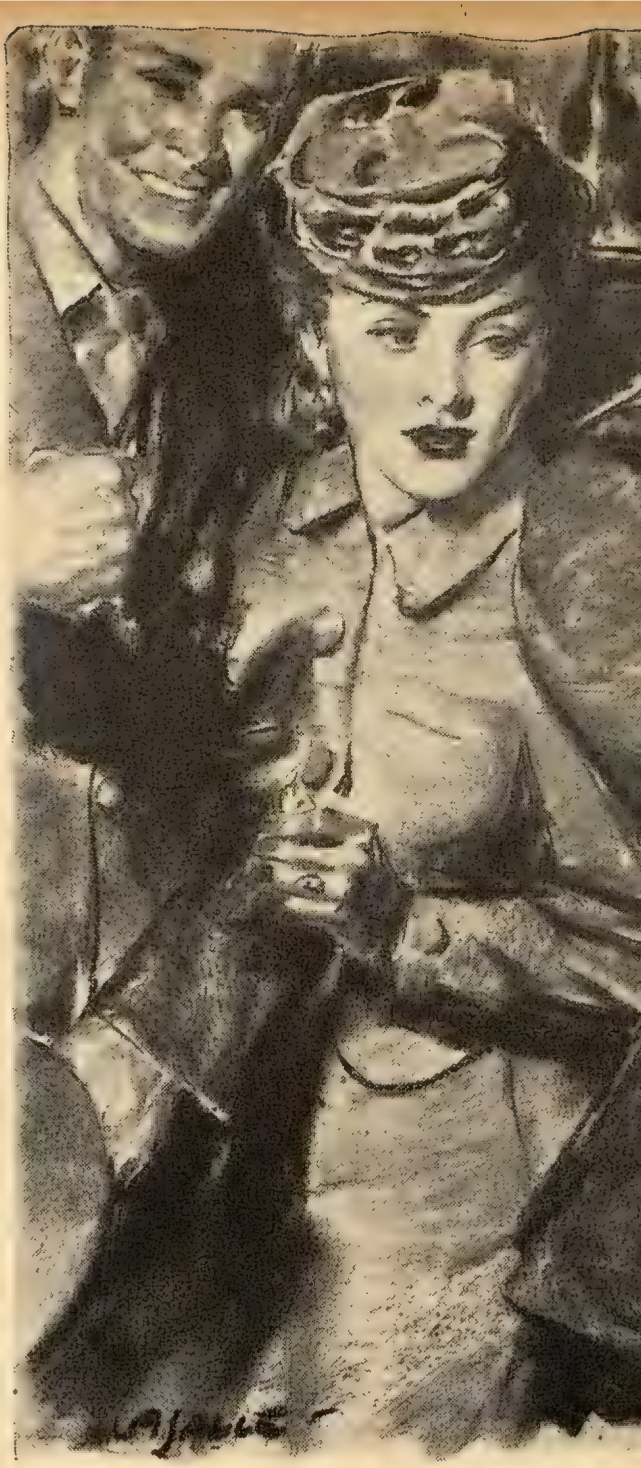
Martin turned and started back toward barracks. There was a sketch he wanted to finish, an idea that had come to him as he lay awake one night. Perhaps he could complete it this afternoon.

He did not leave barracks after that, except for supper. The sketch was finished before lights out sounded.

SHORTLY before noon Monday they received word that the battalion was going to move. They were to break camp sometime before Saturday, for an unknown destination. The talk was that a ship awaited them in San Francisco.

Martin's outfit was to have forty-eight hours' leave, beginning at 5 P. M. There was a train for New York at five sixteen.

The boys in Martin's part of the barracks were making up a party to "swing up the old main stem, give the hi-de-ho to the hot spots," as Joe Mikaitis put it. Joe's folks were Liths.



Martin waited until Carter stepped away from Courtney, and then swung.

He had come in via the draft about the time Martin had enlisted. A big, blond, direct fellow. Martin liked him.

"Whatta ya say, Dale?" he asked Martin. "You come with us. We know some dames in New York—we can get one for you. Nothing rough. Have a few drinks, cut a few capers."

"No, thanks, Joe," Martin said.

"Look, kid. If it's dough, I got—"

"It's not, Joe. I just don't feel in the mood."

"O. K., kid. But you're not staying in camp, are you? You're not going to waste your last leave hangin' around barracks?"

"I'm coming to New York. There's some business I have to attend to."

"Check. You're the doctor."

Before going to camp, Martin's agent had suggested that he do a series of sketches of camp life, showing the types of men in Uncle Sam's forces. Martin had completed ten of them. He would take them to Leveridge as a last offering. Somehow he felt that he would not have any more time for sketching.

The train ride to New York, the coaches jammed with soldiers, was noisy and boisterous. Martin had little opportunity to do any thinking—or any remembering—even if he had wanted to.

MARTIN walked slowly across the station toward the bar. Somehow he felt the need of a drink. It had been three months since he had been here. He saw on the right the row of telephone booths, with the cute girl at the switchboard. She used to smile at him when he'd stop there to call Courtney at Bayside, and she'd say, "The same number, sir?" And he'd say, "I haven't changed numbers yet, sister." But that was so long ago. . . .

He had the drink, and then went through the passageway to the street. Leveridge had an apartment on Park Avenue. Martin's sketches were in a small parcel, and when he was shown in by the butler, Leveridge saw the parcel and swooped joyfully.

"My dear boy, that's fine, that's fine!" he beamed. "I told Manheim of Monitor that you were doing these, and he's been calling me twice a day. You look great, my boy, great!"

"Thanks," Martin said. "They've been treating us pretty well."

"Of course! The fighting men deserve the best. How many sketches have you done? We can use at least thirty."

"I've got ten."

"Ten. Well, it's a start. When can you do the rest?"

"Not for quite a while, I'm afraid. We're shoving off."

"Shoving off!" Leveridge's face fell. "You mean you're being sent somewhere?"

"That's it. The word is that we're being shipped out of the country."

"But—but what about the rest of the sketches? I've promised them! You can't let me down like this. I'll call Washington—I'll get you transferred—I'll—"

"Save it," Martin said. "You can't do a thing, and I wouldn't let you do it if you could. You tell Manheim and the others they'll have to be satisfied with ten. Tell 'em it's their sacrifice to national defense."

It was nine thirty when Martin left Leveridge's apartment. The night had turned colder and a stiff breeze whipped through the streets. Martin had had no dinner—he refused Leveridge's invitation, protesting he had an engagement.

So there was dinner to be eaten. It wasn't necessary to make hotel arrangements this early. They knew him at the Biltmore and they'd surely have a room for him. That left dinner. Dinner and not much else.

Martin glanced up at a cross-street sign. Thirty-eighth. He'd walked nearly forty blocks, from Leveridge's apartment at Park and Seventy-sixth. Was there a place near here where he could get a drink and a meal? Back a bit, around the Fifties, there were plenty of places. The night-club district. The Stork; 21; Monte Carlo; Copacabana. That territory used to be his bailiwick.

Any reason why he shouldn't eat at one of those places? There would be lights, music, people. He might see some one he knew. He might see—

Lord, how the wind blew across here! Martin turned up the collar of his service coat. He swung about, started uptown.

There was a club where he and Courtney used to go when they didn't want to stay out too late. That was while Courtney was still going places with him. It wasn't a particularly fashionable spot, but it was pleasant. The waiters were friendly, there was an atmosphere of comradeship. In a corner was a small piano. One night Martin had had four Martinis before dinner, and Courtney'd had three, and she played I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen, and he sang it, and the others in the place applauded.

The Tempest. That was the name of it. That was one of the reasons he and Courtney liked it—because the name was so completely inappropriate. . . .

The bar was to the right of the entrance. Martin went in. He had scarcely crossed the threshold when:

"Dale! Hey, Dale! What are you doing, boy—followin' us? Thought you weren't in the mood. Come over here, Dale, and have a drink."

Joe Mikaitis. He was at a table at the side, with three other fellows from camp. There were four girls. "Hiya, Dale! Front and center, private! Corporal of the guard, post number one—relief!"

Martin went over. Joe clapped him on the back. "What the hell do you know? How'd you happen in here? We're having a hell of a good time!"

"I used to come here a long while ago."

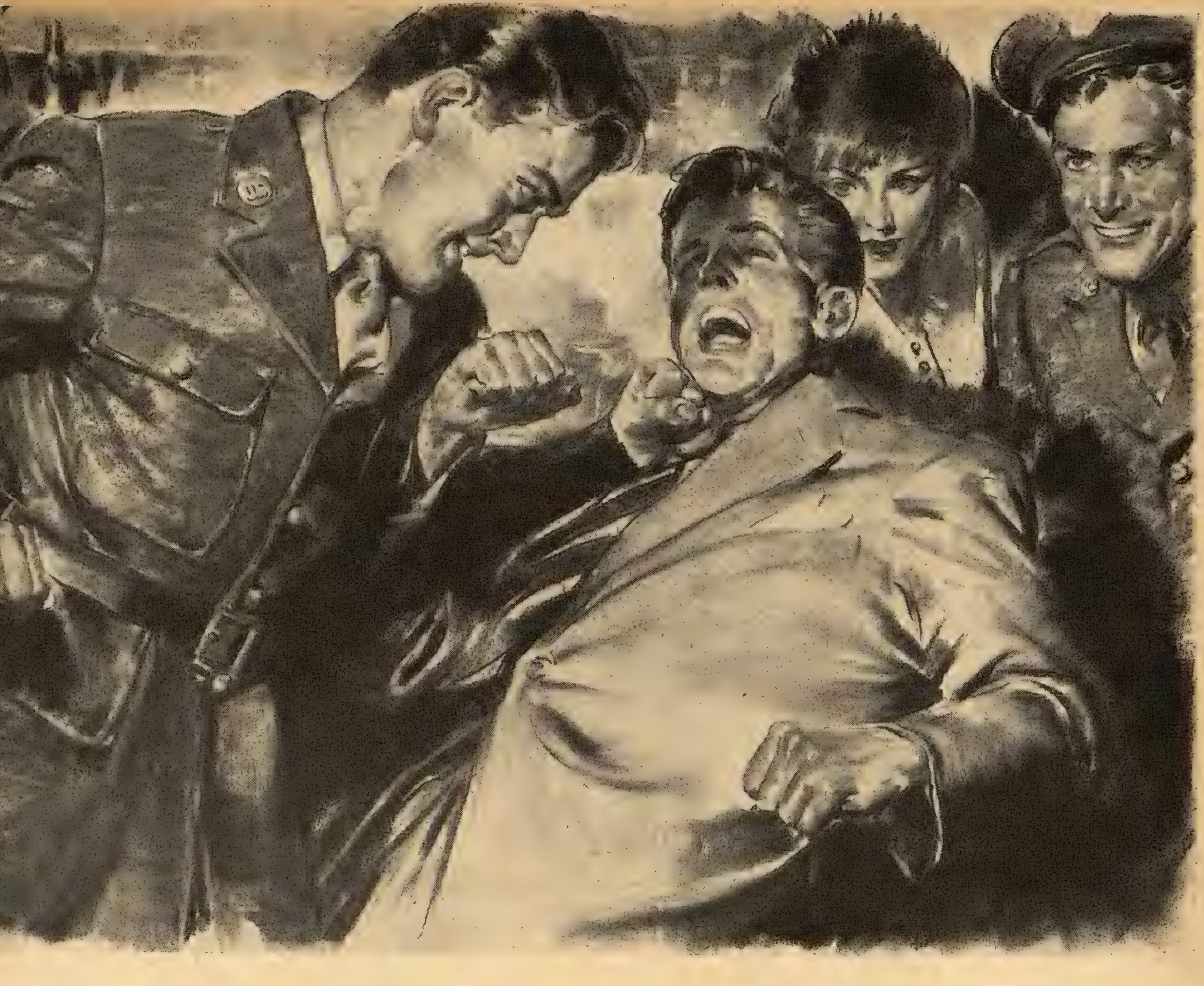
"Yeah? What do you know! Caroline, Martin. Martin, Caroline. To hell with last names. That's Peg. That's Grace. That's—wait a minute, sister don't tell me, don't tell me. Dorina! Right? Sounds like a breakfast food. Sit down, Dale boy, pull up a hooker."

They got a chair for Martin. He ordered whisky, drank it quickly. Besides the group from camp there were few other patrons. Martin wondered if the place had changed hands, for he did not recognize any of the waiters. But he looked toward the bar and saw the same bartender, Sam. Martin waved, and Sam waved back. And in the corner was the same piano. I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen. . . .

Martin ordered another drink. It was pleasant in here, friendly, as it had always been. Joe was telling a joke, the girls were pretending to be mildly shocked. They were two blondes and two brunettes, very decided. They worked behind counters in five-and-dime stores, or at soda fountains, or as typists. "Oh, Joe, you *would!* Telling things like that to poor little innocent city girls! Aren't you *ashamed.*"

They ordered another round, and Joe turned to Martin.

"Hey, Dale, you ought to have a girl. He ought to have a girl—hey, gang? Caroline, you get Dale a girl."



"Maybe he doesn't want a girl," Caroline said.

Martin said, "I'm O. K., this way."

"Oh, no," Joe said. "Oh, no, Dale. This is a last party. This is a last *last* party, if you know what I mean. Caroline, you get Dale a girl."

"I've got a girl," Martin said.

"Yeah? Where is she, then? You get her."

"She's—home. She's busy tonight."

"Nuts!" Joe said. "She can't be home and be busy. Listen, kid. Do you realize this is a last last *last* party? Where we're going there won't be no parties—not this kind, anyhow. From all I hear, them Japs ain't party-minded. You get your girl, Dale."

"I'm afraid she—" Martin began. And then he thought: Get your girl. Get your girl, Dale. This is a last party. You ought to have a girl for a last party. Get your girl—

"I'll call her," he said.

"Atta boy! You get her down here. Hell, you gotta have a girl to say good-by to when you go to war."

The telephone was next to the checkroom. Martin closed the door, dropped in a nickel. He gave the number of Courtney's mother's apartment, where Courtney was staying.

"Hello."

"Hello—" It was Courtney. He made his voice steady: "How are you, Courtney!"

"Martin! Martin, where—what—" Then, instantly controlled: "Why, Martin, I didn't expect to hear from you. Are you in town?"

"I'm at the Tempest."

"The Tempest! You mean our—you mean on Fifty-second? What are you doing there? Did you get leave?"

"Yes. It's our last leave. We're shoving off in a few days."

"You're—" A brief pause. "You're being shifted to another camp?"

"No. To an 'unknown destination.'"

"I see. That means—"

"Out of the country."

Another pause. Then: "It was nice of you to call me. If you'd like to drop up for a drink—"

"Courtney, I want to ask you something: Will you come to the Tempest and have a drink with me here?"

"Oh, Martin, I—"

"Just one drink. There are some fellows from camp. They've got girls. I told them I had a girl. They wanted to know where she was, why she wasn't with me on our last party."

"It isn't really your last party, is it?"

"It's the last one. You know how things are—you listen to the news broadcasts."

"Yes. I—Martin, just a moment."

He waited. Then: "I'll meet you at the Tempest in fifteen minutes."

"Don't you want me to come and get you?"

"I'll meet you there. It isn't far."

"All right, Courtney. Thanks."

"In fifteen minutes."

At the table they demanded: "How'd you make out? Did you get her? What's the word?"

"She'll be here," Martin told them.

He did not take anything more to drink. He waited, watching the doorway.

As she entered, it was almost as though time had gone back. Whenever they separated in New York, Courtney to shop and he to attend to some business, they'd meet here, and he'd always get here ahead of her to have a drink before she arrived. She'd come in just as she was coming in now.

Her coat was open, and the dress she wore was one she had bought two years ago. They'd seen it in a window one afternoon, and he said the color matched her eyes.

He went toward her quickly. "Hello, Courtney," he said.

"Hello, Martin." She smiled up at him. "From service club to night club. Is this setting more natural?"

"This particular one is. I want you to meet some friends of mine."

He gave her name simply as Courtney, using the first names of the others, those he remembered. Joe Mikaitis winked at Martin and said to Courtney: "You had him worried. He was afraid he'd have to go away and get shot without no memories."

"Oh, no," Courtney said. "I wouldn't let him do that."

"We'll sing," Joe said. "We'll sing Thanks for the Memory. Hey, I should be an M. C.; I lead into things pretty good. Anybody play that piano there?"

"I'll play for you," Courtney said.

They gathered around the piano. Sam, the bartender, called to Martin: "Like old times, Mr. Dale."

"Certainly is," Martin replied.

They sang the old songs: Smile the While I Kiss You Sad Adieu, Drifting and Dreaming, Margie, Whispering, My Buddy, There's a Long, Long Trail A-Winding.

"Play I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen," Martin said.

He sang it as a solo, for the others did not know the words.

"That's fine, Martin," Courtney said. "That's splendid."

"Say, boy, that's O. K.," Joe said. "You can hit it."

"I used to sing that a long time ago," Martin said.

Courtney seemed untiring. She was singing with the rest, eyes shining, head thrown back, showing the fine, sweet line of her throat. Martin was standing close to her, his hand resting lightly on her shoulder.

They were singing Pack Up Your Troubles when Bob Carter, behind them, said evenly: "May I see you a moment, Courtney? Hello, Dale."

The song stopped. Martin turned. Carter was quite straight, quite good-looking, smiling quite correctly.

"Oh, Carter," Martin said. "How are you? Courtney just came down to have a last drink with me. We're shoving off next week."

"Yes, I know," Carter said. "I was with Courtney when you telephoned."

Martin said, "I didn't know that."

Courtney said swiftly, "I didn't think to tell you."

Carter put his hand on Courtney's arm. "If you're ready, we'll go."

The others had stepped back, and now Joe Mikaitis said: "Jeez, what a guy. What a personality! Who is he, Dale—your former boss?"

"What's that?" Carter said sharply.

"I just wanted to know who the hell you were," Mikaitis said. "You act like you was something pretty hot. That's Dale's girl you got by the arm, ain't it?"

Martin was staring at Carter. He said, "It might be a good idea if you let go her arm, Carter."

Carter said, "I believe Miss Lane is the one to tell me that."

"Miss Lane?" Martin said. "Don't you mean Mrs. Dale?"

"Mrs. Dale!" Joe exclaimed. "Mrs. Dale. What the hell, Dale—is she your wife?"

"Yes," Martin said.

"Jeez," Joe said.

"There's one item you're forgetting," Carter said. "The divorce proceedings."

"I'm not forgetting anything," Martin said. "In fact, I'm just remembering a lot of things."

"Come, Courtney," Carter said.

Martin looked at her. She was pale, but somehow she made no move to go with Carter. Martin said, "I want you to know, Courtney, that I tried as hard as I could."

Courtney's lips moved, but she did not speak. Martin went on: "I tried too hard. That was it. I can see it now—for the first time. That's funny, isn't it? Seeing it now, when it's too late. I wanted to give you everything. I wanted to give you everything that Carter could give you, so you'd never be sorry. And you didn't care—it didn't make any difference—"

"Didn't care?" Courtney cried.

"It didn't matter to you what I did. If you had only— Hell, why talk about it now? It's all over. I just wanted you to know—"

"Courtney," Carter said sharply, "come along. The fellow's drunk. You're well rid of him."

"Jeez, Dale, are you gonna let him get away with that?" Joe exclaimed. "Ain't you gonna sock him?"

Martin looked at Carter. "Yes," he said, "I think I am."

He waited until Carter stepped away from Courtney, and then swung. Carter didn't go down immediately. He was in pretty fair shape and the scrap was a good one. Carter, on the whole, did rather well.

When it was over, with Carter sprawling on the floor, Martin panted: "The blessings—of regular living—Courtney."

LYING in bed in his room at the Biltmore, Martin watched the morning sun slanting over the ceiling and thought how different it might have been. He had a chance last night—a chance. Courtney had come to the Tempest to see him, to have a last drink with him. That meant all feeling for him had not gone from her. If he had kept calm, if he had been as she had known him—restrained, his emotions under control—she might have come back to him.

Instead he had made himself one with Joe Mikaitis and the others. A tough guy, a doughboy. "She's your girl, ain't she? . . . You act like you was something pretty hot. . . . Sock him, Dale—let him have it."

There was no justification for hitting Carter. Courtney had been going with Carter since the separation—when the divorce was over, she would certainly marry him. Carter had a right to take her arm if he wished. There was no reason to act like a rowdy—to create a scene. Courtney had always hated scenes. She had stood there, wide-eyed, pale, gazing from Carter on the floor to him and back at Carter again.

Martin didn't feel like eating breakfast. He called the desk for the time of a train back to camp. There was one in less than an hour. He still had a day left, but there was nothing more in New York for him.

20 QUESTIONS

1. Edward Rommel is which one of the following: a Flemish painter, a German marshal, a big-league baseball umpire, or a Dutch literary critic?

2. An American machine gunner fires a *round* of ammunition. How many shots does he fire—the entire clip, six, twelve, one?

3. Pour le mérite is a high military decoration of which one of these countries: Germany, France, Luxemburg, Belgium?

4. A *Gauleiter* is a follower of de Gaulle's Free French, a six-wheeled tank used by the Nazis in Poland, an officer in Himmler's Gestapo, or a Nazi political chief?

5. An airplane *zooms.* Does it fly up; fly down; fly down, then up; or does it fly forward?

6. The Croix de Feu is artillery cross fire, a military decoration, French pro-Fascist party, or a French religious symbol?

7. Maxime Weygand was born a Belgian, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, or an Alsatian?

8. The expression, fifth column, originated in France, Spain, Russia, or was it in Germany?

9. Tass is a cup-shaped hand grenade, the Soviet newspaper agency, a canteen carried by French soldiers, or a Japanese industrial city?

10. The Wehrmacht is the German Army, an organization in Germany comparable to the Associated Press, Hitler's Cabinet, or the theory of blitzkrieg?

11. William Allen White is a British publicity man, an evangelist, a newspaperman, or U. S. Ambassador to Spain?

12. Shrapnel is an antiaircraft gun, a shell fragment from a high-explosive contact shell, a former British general, or an air bomb?

13. A salient is a disinfectant, an advanced part of an army line, a raiding party, or the second line of defense?

14. The Schlieffen Plan is a housing plan used in Holland, the system used in the construction of the so-called West Wall, Hitler's first dream of an alliance between England and Germany, or the military plan to crush France by an overwhelming superiority on the right wing?

15. On his deathbed Marshal Foch said, "If France is ever again in peril, call upon — Weygand, Gamelin, Pétain, or de Gaulle?

16. You associate the expression *Dieu et mon droit* with which one of these countries: Belgium, England, France, Switzerland?

17. A barrage is an artillery battery, a system of barbed-wire entanglements, a curtain of fire, or a boat used in landing troops under fire?

18. Marco Polo Bridge is a suspension bridge near Barcelona, a method of scoring at bridge invented by the Portuguese, the site of the start of the Japanese-Chinese War, or a book written by Thornton Wilder?

19. Was General François a German general who took a prominent part in the Battle of Tannenberg, the French general who commanded the forces at Salonika, the commander of the Belgian Army, or was he the Swiss military attaché to the U. S. in 1917?

20. A task force is an infantry raiding party, a small complete naval unit to conduct minor operations, a labor battalion, or a suicide squadron?

(*Answers will be found on page 42*)

He dressed and went downstairs for his bill. The room clerk remembered him: "Nice to see you again, Mr. Dale. You're in the service now? Well, the way things are going, you fellows will have a pretty tough job."

"You can say that again," Dale told him.

It was ten thirty. The train left at eleven. Time for a drink, if he wanted one. He walked toward the bar, then turned and started toward the station.

He had almost reached the gate when he heard her breathless voice: "Martin—Martin, wait!"

SHE had been running. Her cheeks were flushed, her breast rising and falling with her rapid breathing. "I was afraid I'd miss you. I called the Biltmore—I thought you'd be staying there. They told me you were leaving on this train—"

"Yes," Martin said. "Might as well get back to camp. Good of you to come down, Courtney."

She remained there, looking for an instant at him and then around the station. And then she laughed and said: "Isn't it silly—how out of breath I get—from a little hurrying—"

He said, "Want some water? There's a soda fountain around the corner."

"No—I'm all right now." She laughed again. "I'll bet I'd be pretty poor at charging up a hill, wouldn't I? I'd have to stop halfway up to catch my breath."

"They'd wait for you," he said. "A pretty girl like you."

"Why, Mr. Dale!" she said.

She glanced up at the clock. Five minutes to eleven. Martin saw her fingers tighten on her handbag. She began: "Martin, I—Martin—" and then she stopped, and he said quietly, "What is it, Courtney?"

"Do you—have to take that train?"

"No," he answered. "I have another whole day. I don't have to take it."

"Martin—will you stay over?"

"Do you want me to?"

"I want you to, Martin."

"Carter—what about him?"

"I won't be seeing—Bob Carter—any more."

"But I thought—"

"Martin—don't make me say it—I don't know how it happened myself, but last night—I knew—" She stopped.

He took a deep breath. "Look, how about a drink?"

"Oh, Martin, I'd love one!"

They were walking across the station. Courtney touched the sleeve of Martin's coat, said, "Um, good goods," and then her arm was within his.

Courtney said, "I read in the paper where a wife took a training course as a nurse, and they sent her near where her husband was stationed. That's possible, isn't it?"

"Yes," Martin replied; "I think it is possible."

"If she did it, I don't see why I couldn't, do you?"

"No," said Martin.

"We could try, couldn't we? Couldn't we try, darling?"

"I guess we could," Martin told her. "I guess we could try, honey."

THE END

"I won't kiss Mommy goodnight! She's mean to me!"

1. It was awful to hear my child say that, especially in front of my brother and sister-in-law. I felt I just *had* to explain, so after I put little Tommy to bed, I told them about how the boy had needed a laxative and what a terrible time I had making him take it. He said he hated "That nasty-tasting medicine" and struggled against it, until . . .

2. I just plain had to *force* it down him. It was for his own good, of course, but all day he'd been acting hurt and miserable. I admitted I felt bad about it myself but said I supposed I just had to put up with it.

3. At this point my sister-in-law, who's in child-welfare work, spoke up. "It's not my affair," she said, "but really it's quite wrong to *force* medicine on a child that way. It can upset his system and may do more harm than good.

4. "Try Fletcher's Castoria. It's the laxative with a taste children *like*, so you never have to force it on them. I've heard many doctors approve Fletcher's Castoria because it *is* made especially *for* children.

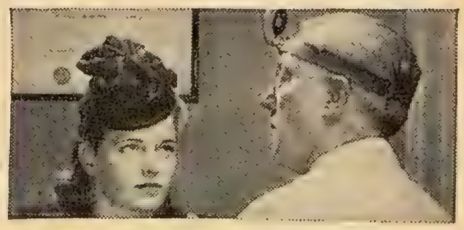
5. So next day I asked our druggist about Fletcher's Castoria. "Fine for children," he said. "It's effective, yet safe and gentle, so it doesn't upset the child's digestion." Then he suggested the money-saving Family Size.

6. Well, next time Tommy needed a laxative I gave him Fletcher's Castoria. And, sure enough, he just *loved* it. It worked wonderfully, too. And from that day on, we've never had *one* of our "laxative time" scenes.

Always take a laxative as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Fletcher's Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

BOOM ON

The wartime demand for beef has waked up cow towns that have been dozing for years. Here is one, Killdeer, North Dakota, which this fall sent out its largest shipment of livestock in a quarter of a century. Right: The "food for victory" comes in under its own power, headed for the Killdeer stockyards.

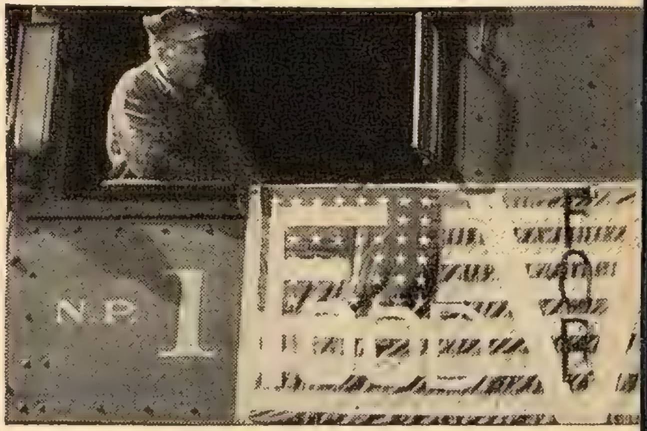
AMERICANS are eating more beef than ever before—so much more that housewives can't get as much as they want—and the needs of our allies are tremendous. More beef means more cows—and more cows means a boom on the range, hot times in many a cow town that a year ago was sleepy and almost abandoned. Throughout the cow country there is activity the like of which hasn't been seen since the great cattle drives of the '70s and '80s.

As this is written—from the town of Killdeer, Dunn County, North Dakota—1,000 head of cattle are mooing at the outer ramparts of the town. Recently a record freight pulled out of Killdeer with a "V for Victory" on the locomotive and $150,000 worth of top-quality cattle aboard. Killdeer, though a primary shipping point, is only one of scores of Great Plains towns teeming with new life.

The most dramatic—and hardest-working—time in the calendar of the cow country is shipping time, when the huge herds are rounded up, sorted, and driven across the plains to the railheads. At such times the cowboy is in his element. Handling a big herd takes a crew that knows its beef: ten to twenty riders, a boss who looks out for water and grass, a cook who presides over the chuck wagon and supplies, and a rider to handle the horses. At night the cattle are rounded close together and bedded down. The day crew rolls up in blankets and tarpaulins, and the night riders take over. A bad night, with thunder, lightning, and rain, may cause a stampede. Then nobody gets to bed.

The cowboy of tradition and, to a very large extent, of fact is small,

The roundup is over and here are a thousand head of fine cattle being driven to the railhead from which they are to be shipped out on the "Food for Victory" train.



He took $150,000 worth of livestock out of Kill

Fat wild cattle wend their way toward Kill
escorted by cowboys with a knack for handling

THE RANGE

When dinnertime comes round at the Western North Dakota Cattle Roundup, the cook shouts lustily from the chuck wagon, "Come and get it!" and he means—literally—what he says. It's every man for himself out there on the plains and it's considered bad manners to ask for service from the cook.

lean, weathered, superficially languid, and, in a casual way, romantic. Without his ten-gallon hat, high-heeled boots, wide belt, and kerchief he doesn't feel dressed. He is young and he is sentimental. Senator McNary of Oregon recently offered a lyric description of him. "Your true cowboy," said the senator, "is a cross between a bottle of whisky and a poem. He is a figure out of another world, a dream world all his own. He carries a bottle of whisky in one hip pocket, a pistol in the other, and, usually, a poem in his vest. For relaxation he goes to town on payday, cleans up a dance hall, plays a little poker, shoots a little pool, and spends the rest of his wages on his girl. Of course he is soon broke, but he considers that only proper. He mounts his pony again and clatters off across the prairie, breathing deeply of the winy air of the West and shouting his poems into the wind."

The special breed of men known as cowboys mostly migrated north from the Lone Star State during the great days of the Texas trail. Some migrated back again, but many settled and raised sons and grandsons who are the prairie cowboys of today.

The cowboy of November, 1942, is not quite the young and romantic figure the senator described. Most of the young ones have gone into the army —the "hoss cavalry," if they could wangle it—and the brunt of the new boom falls on the shoulders of weather-beaten old-timers. Back in the bunkhouses, happy at another chance at the life that's the best in the world to them, they're out to show that a cow hand never loses his cunning.

THE END

TEXT AND PHOTOS
BY LEO D. HARRIS

Cattle in the stockyards wait to take a train ride.

e old chuck wagon, decorated with brands of vari-
s ranches, is the cowboys' "home away from home."

It took two men to round up this runaway steer who suffered a wave of homesickness when he got near Killdeer and decided to head back to the wide-open spaces.

WOW! THAT'S FAST ACTION!
AS SOOTH
REPEAT
VICKS Inhaler
Charged
Salicylate
2 c.c.

Makes Cold-Stuffed Nose Feel Clearer in Seconds!

It's easy—just take a whiff and get greater breathing comfort in a jiffy. Cram-full of effective medication, it's *one* inhaler you can use as often as needed—any time, any place! Easy to carry!

NEW VICKS INHALER

COUGHING COLDS Relieve coughing spasms and loosen phlegm, ease muscular soreness or tightness with Vicks VapoRub. Its poultice-vapor action brings welcome relief from coughing colds miseries. **VICKS VAPORUB**

A JEEP FOR PUNISHMENT

$1 INK-O-GRAPH $2

14 KT. SOLID GOLD POINT & INK FEED

World's sturdiest pen is world's smoothest writer. Inkograph fits any hand or style writing. No point to break or spread. Appreciated for its *additional* and *special services* even by fountain pen owners. The genuine has "Inkograph" on the barrel. At leading dealers.

INKOGRAPH CO., INC. • N. Y. C.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the Kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. An iron clad guarantee insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under this positive money back guarantee so get Cystex from your druggist today for only 35c.

AIR POWER IS NOT ENOUGH!

Continued from Page 9

ing units of marines, protected by carrier - based dive bombers and fighters, charged up the beaches and seized the islands.

Now let us look at these operations in the light of the fancy new air-power theory. Instead of carriers, we would have used only land-based bombers. Instead of using surface ships, landing barges, and surface transports, we would have dropped parachute troops to seize the islands.

The Solomon Islands were not exactly without defenses. Land-based bombers—in 1942—could not have flown into action with land-based fighters to protect them. Fighter planes simply do not have the ranges this would have required. And the number of planes required to take the Solomon Islands by air assault and by paratroops, and to supply them, is far beyond even our capacity for production.

All of which adds up to an aerial expedition which would have cost infinitely more planes and lives than the operations we did carry out—and we have our doubts as to whether it could have succeeded. Even if, in 1942, it would have been carried out with the dream planes of 1947, its chances of failure would have been greater than its possibilities of success.

"BUT," say the super-plane prophets, "how about Crete? Didn't the Nazis take Crete by air only?"

The answer is yes. It is also true that they had a land base only sixty miles from the island—a base called Greece. On this base they were able to assemble a tremendous aerial force and prepare it for weeks. Then they struck across only sixty miles of water—using gliders. No glider can fly 800 miles. It is equally true that Crete's defenses were so weak that the island could have been taken as easily by a surface fleet of World War I character.

The campaign for the Solomons was no such picnic for our combined land-sea-and-air forces. There the struggle had to be waged the hard way: advance base to advance base, with carrier-based planes softening each new objective for capture by landing forces.

In the European war sector the necessity of co-ordinating all forces is equally great. Dieppe is only sixty-five miles from England, yet there the ground forces, under the protecting umbrella of air superiority, did the actual assault work and destruction.

The intensification of the battle for Europe, with its new land fronts, will see a broadening of this basic pattern of warfare. Long-range bombers protected by fleets of fighters—not dream planes but those we actually have and are using today—will pound away at new bases for further operations. Advance bases will be established on the Continent. These bases, pushing ever closer to the heart of the enemy, will be *softened* by air power and *taken* by ground forces. These ground forces will reach the fighting fronts by sea and by air, by train and by tank and by truck.

As the Germans learned in Spain and in England and in Russia, air power by itself cannot destroy the will to live, nor can it occupy countries without sea and land support.

A final word on the carrier-based air fleets of our navy. The spokesmen of the super-air-power school would abolish all carriers now and halt the construction of new ones. They tell us that an island is an unsinkable aircraft carrier anchored permanently. They forget to tell us how to float a few islands within bombing range of Tokyo.

We need more carriers, and we need them now. They are our only avenues of air-power approach to some of the most vital sectors of this war. Protected by their own fighter planes and sub-chasing destroyers, navy aircraft carriers bring our fastest bombers, dive bombers, and fighters to the enemy's most vulnerable points—and send them up into the air unburdened by the gasoline needed for long-range air operations. It is our carriers that make possible victories like those we won in the Coral Sea and at Midway.

The Jap dive-bomber pilot who returned confidently to his own carrier after blasting a hole in the flight deck of one of ours thought he had put our carrier out of action for months. He little dreamed that *within seven minutes* its repair crew had put out the fire, had bolted emergency plates over the still smoking hole, and was operating planes. Similarly, many patriotic citizens who repeat the current prattle about the futility of aircraft carriers little realize that they are joining in an attack on an instrument of air power whose real values are becoming clear to every one on the firing line.

This is the toughest war our nation has ever known. It is a global struggle with no short cuts to victory. The "experts" who tell you that lives lost in any but air battles are wasted are, in the final analysis, helping no one but the enemy.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 38

1. Baseball umpire. The marshal's first name is Erwin.
2. One.
3. Germany.
4. Political chief.
5. Flies up.
6. French pro-Fascist party.
7. Belgian.
8. Spain.
9. Soviet newspaper agency.
10. German Army.
11. Newspaperman.
12. A British general who invented the shell—an explosive time shell.
13. Advanced part of an army line.
14. The military plan of the general by that name.
15. Weygand.
16. England.
17. Curtain of fire.
18. Site of the start of the Japanese-Chinese War.
19. German general.
20. Naval unit.

Ir. and Mrs. Aldrich with Mary nd Henry. Mother and father are layed by Katharine Raht and Iouse Jameson, Mary Shipp is Iary, and Norman Tokar, Henry.

ALDRICH FAMILY PORTRAIT

Side lights on a radio serial in which the players enjoy themselves—or else!

BY WELDON MELICK

THE Aldriches are undoubtedly the most sociable family in history. Every Thursday evening they entertain 30,000,000 friends and acquaintances in their front parlor.

Their radio audience fondly regards preoccupied, bewildered Sam Aldrich, fretful, righteous Alice, their daughter Mary, and impulsive son Henry—a human magnet for trouble—as the typical American family. For maintaining that illusion, author Clifford Goldsmith, who learned about kids like Henry by lecturing to them in high schools about the nutritional values of milk, gets the biggest money radio pays any writer. Actually, the Aldriches aren't typical at all. Their way of doing things is twice as fast, three times as loud, and ten times as funny as any normal family's.

One of Goldsmith's theories is that the audience won't have a good time unless the actors themselves enjoy what they're doing. And to enjoy themselves fully they must have a genuine regard for each other. Pretending is no good—a listener can tell the difference.

So, as radio actors go, the cast of radio's most popular serial is unique; for every member is under compulsion to like every other member—and to have a whale of a time while he is working on the show. If he doesn't he gets fired. There have been five fathers, four mothers, at least twelve Marys, and two Henrys—not a single member of the original cast is left. Some of the minor parts are played by a different actor practically every time they appear in the scripts.

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES

Not all of the cast replacements, of course, are for reasons of temperament. Charita Bauer, one of the best of the dozen Marys, became the star of another program, Maudie's Diary. Eddie Bracken and Betty Field went on to movie fame; and the destiny of Staff Sergeant Ezra Stone, the original Henry, is at present being directed by the army.

But the Aldrich Family, like the well known brook, goes babbling on forever on the NBC network.

The Aldrich type of humor involves the inevitable bickering of a close-knit family; but it *must* be good-natured bickering to have any amusement value. Goldsmith believes. The author and Francis van Hartesveldt, the director, guard against any rancor in the way the lines are read. If Norman Tokar, the show's Henry, says, "But, mother, I did," with the barest indication of annoyance, the director is quick to remind him, "Be nice to your mother, Norm, when you say that."

Van Hartesveldt goes to fantastic lengths during rehearsals to put every one in a hilarious frame of mind for the broadcast. I've seen the whole cast scarcely able to read their speeches for laughing. There's no fighting for lines, no rivalry for applause, no sulking over thin parts on this show. The actors love each other—or else.

It is probably the practice of these unprecedented principles that has given the program an indefinable, elusive flavor beyond the mechanical perfection of its ingredients and preparation, and has kept its popularity riding high among radio programs.

Mary Shipp (Mary) and Jackie Kelk (Homer).

"LET'S TALK TURKEY"
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A DIVISION OF
ADAM HATS, New York City

Of course the actors don't have to *be* the characters they play. House Jameson, the father, is childless, and Miss Katharine Raht, the mother, has never been married. Norman Tokar, the new Henry, is a modest, quiet, red-haired, chubby lad of exceptional talents, anything but scatterbrained. He is only twenty-two, but he has written and sold a number of radio dramas for network production. He gave up a promising career as commercial artist in an advertising agency when the acting bug struck him. Until recently he played Willie Marshall, a minor part, on The Aldrich Family. When he was selected from 400 who auditioned to fill Ezra Stone's shoes, and given a contract by which he now makes $500 a week, he thought he could afford to splurge a little, so he bought thirty phonograph records to add to his collection of original jazz. As for Jackie Kelk, although he looks exactly as you'd picture Homer Brown—a big hunk of nose and a mop of unruly hair—he has something that Homer totally lacks. Jackie is an inveterate night-clubber and is always to be found in the center of a bevy of girls who neither look nor act at all maternal.

Scrupulous attention is given to sound effects on the Aldrich show. If the customary cellophane doesn't crackle realistically enough for frying wienies, the director demands a real fire. When the script called for the pounding of a loose flywheel in the school machine shop to be heard and felt through the wall, van Hartesveldt had special equipment built, and also recorded the rumble of lathes and other tools in a real machine shop. These reproduced everything but the concussion. For added realism, he had some one go backstage and pound on the wall with an iron bar. This shook the studio—which is an independent architectural unit hung on rubber-mounted hooks—and the actors got their cues through their feet.

The humorous imbroglios which comprise the Aldrich saga strike home with an exceedingly high batting average. You can't listen to very many episodes of this program without running into some ludicrous incident that the author might have plagiarized from you or your family, or from a couple of million other people.

Thanks to the three Goldsmith sons, aged sixteen, fourteen, and five, Cliff is serviced regularly with excellent and authentic material for Henry's pranks, delivered right to the door of his Pennsylvania farmhouse. Once at least this service has worked both ways. Goldsmith had an episode in which Henry ran away from his home in Centerville—until dinnertime. The sponsor begged him not to use it, fearing it might give impressionable youngsters ideas. But Cliff kept it in, insisting it was true to life. It was. Later that same week, his own boy, Pat, ran away from home for the first time. Whether Goldsmith learns more from his boys than they learn from Henry is a moot point.

THE most true-to-life Aldrich script was just a coincidence, however. The Goldsmiths were sitting down one evening to one of those snack disposal dinners on the porch—not enough of any one thing to go around, and the mister getting the dab of lima beans while the missus salvages what's left of a salad—when dinner guests arrived, a week early, in formal attire. The next Aldrich Family script dealt with an identical situation, and the premature guests were never convinced that Cliff got his idea from You Can't Take It with You instead of from them. But he writes his scripts three weeks ahead, and that dinner episode was already in rehearsal.

Whatever it is this show has that other programs dealing with adolescence don't have, there is one thing it doesn't have that they do: jitterbug slang and flip catch phrases. That's not the natural way an average high-school kid talks, Cliff contends. It's the sophisticated writer's idea of how kids talk, and if they do sound off like that, it's because they've been reading the sophisticated writers.

However, The Aldrich Family has made one notable contribution to juvenile jargon. Kids all over the country are parroting Henry's characteristic treble "Coming, mother." They even react more promptly to maternal commands, and mothers are beginning to look on Goldsmith as the greatest benefactor of civilization since Popeye made the bairns eat their spinach.

THE END

Ida Lupino, Dennis Morgan, and Joan Leslie in The Hard Way in which Miss Lupino gives a bitter, uncompromising performance as a ruthless elder sister.

CANDID CLOSE-UPS

OF PICTURES AND PERSONALITIES

BY BEVERLY HILLS

Grim Drama:

THE HARD WAY

IT will be no surprise to the admirers of Ida Lupino that her new vehicle opens with the star once more on her way to the river with the usual grim intentions. This time, though, there is no Jean Gabin to jump in and rescue her, as in Moontide; just a couple of stalwart policemen who ply her with rude questions as to her reasons for wanting to end it all. They never learn her story, but the audience does, in every sordid detail, by a cutback to her drab beginnings in a coal-mining town. As a means of escape she ruthlessly exploits her younger sister's fresh talents, first by manipulating her marriage to a vaudeville hoofer, and then, step by step, pushing her up the ladder to Broadway—a campaign which is about to succeed when the youngster rebels and runs away with the only man big sister ever loved.

Well, if it isn't a story to wring the heart, it still possesses a curious fascination as a character study of this female Svengali—probably because brilliant Ida Lupino is giving one of her best bitter, uncompromising performances. Joan Leslie, pert and lively, plays baby sister; and Dennis Morgan is excellent in the rather embarrassing role of the man so much in demand.

(Warners.)

Comedy with Slapstick:

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE

EVEN without Rochester and the old Maxwell, Jack Benny is a very funny man. In his latest movie he has no stooges to turn to for help when at a loss for a gag, but he manages very well without his radio props in this free rendition of the George S. Kaufman-Moss Hart stage play. It's a new and novel role for the famous clown, that of Bill Fuller, confirmed city dweller who suddenly finds himself the owner of a crumbling farmhouse purchased by his nature-loving wife. According to the local legend, George Washington once slept in the house. As it turns out, Washington not only slept there but stopped over long enough to compose a fine message to the Continental Congress, and it is this precious manuscript, conveniently unearthed by the Fullers' pet dog, that saves the little estate from foreclosure.

Not before the Fullers, though, have faced every domestic disaster from leaking roof to visiting relatives; not before Bill has stumbled into the (dry) well, rolled down the rickety historic stairs, and fallen through the ancient floor—slapstick scenes in an otherwise orderly comedy. Mr. Benny's costly carcass is subject also to attack by a plague of seventeen-year locusts which beat him down to his winter woolens—to give you an idea of the lengths to which the Hollywood adapters will go in their efforts to improve upon a perfectly good play.

As for the players, Ann Sheridan handles her first housewifely role with pretty poise; Charles Coburn, as her crafty uncle who encourages the Fullers in their belief that he still has the fortune he lost back in '29, is a delight; and Percy Kilbride is excellent in his role of laconic handyman.

(Warners.)

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES

RECOMMENDED PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

Flying Tigers, The Glass Key, The Road to Morocco, My Sister Eileen, The Moon and Sixpence, Iceland, Between Us Girls, Now Voyager, One of Our Aircraft Is Missing, The Major and the Minor, Somewhere I'll Find You, Wake Island, The War Against Mrs. Hadley, Tales of Manhattan, Men of Texas, The Talk of the Town, Footlight Serenade, Bambi, Desperate Journey, The Pied Piper, Pardon My Sarong, The Pride of the Yankees.

PREVIEW PHOTO: W. S. Van Dyke, directing Journey for Margaret, gives Robert Young a lesson in bathing children. Margaret O'Brien plays Margaret, and Billy Severn (left) is the second orphan in this film made from war correspondent W. L. White's story of his adventures with two children in war-torn London.

So Uncle Sam's Marines rate a great big birthday cake! And what have these antique cops with muskets got to do with that? Well, believe it or not, they're Marines —or they were in 1890!

U. S. OFFICIAL MARINE CORPS PHOT

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

It was with much amazement and no little disgust that we read the letter from Corporal D. W. in your June 20 page. We refer particularly to his question, "Why does the Army ship a man around so much, and, above all, why must he leave his home state?"

Well, Sarge, we've been sent three quarters of the way around the globe, and we are not worrying about why we're not sitting in our home states. We happen to know one thing the misguided corporal doesn't: the only way to win this war is to take it to the Nip's own state, not let him carry it to ours. If the corporal, and others like him, would stop grousing about morale problems and devote that time to improving their war efforts, we'd win much sooner, and then we could *all* go back to our home states. Selfishness as expressed by that noncom is almost as bad as fifth columnism, and there's no place for it in our Army.

Our morale is fine because of the satisfaction we get out of doing a job to the best of our ability. And it's going swell.

The 16th Fighter Squadron,
Somewhere in China.

Your letter is a swell job too, "Fighting 16th," and I hope you'll have been to Tokyo and back before you read it here.

* * *

The Marine regiment of which I was a member spent approximately eight months in Iceland. We weren't actually under fire, but enemy planes were sighted. Has an Iceland Medal been authorized, similar to the old China Medal, for the occupation forces?

Pfc. F. M. W.,
Camp Elliott, Calif.

To date no medal has been authorized for service in Iceland or any other place occupied by our forces during the present war and it may be years before any are prescribed. To give you an idea, only in 1942 was authorization given for the Army of Occupation of Germany medal for service there from November 12, 1918, to July 11, 1923.

* * *

My brother in Australia writes that he has been made a "sergeant major." We can find no such rank in the Army. If there is one, please tell us about it: standing, stripes, pay, etc.

J. S., New Brighton, Pa.

I'm glad you brought that up, because a lot of other people are puzzled. Sergeant major is a position, not a rank, in the American Army, although it is a rank in the Marine Corps. In the Army a regimental sergeant major has the rank of master sergeant, while a battalion sergeant major could be a first or technical sergeant or a staff sergeant. The insignia of a master sergeant is three chevrons with three arcs below; of a first or technical sergeant, three chevrons and two arcs; of a staff sergeant, three chevrons and one arc. The monthly base pay, in that order, is $138, $114, and $96, respectively.

* * *

I am an aviation cadet, V-5, U. S. N. R. Before I can report for active duty and receive training I must go to a local college for an eight-weeks civilian pilots' course, during which time I get no pay. The dean of the college says I should not do outside work while taking the course. That means nothing for the folks and no spending money for me. Why can't the government consider that active duty and allow minimum armed force pay? This is not a gripe—I didn't have to join up—I'm just wondering.

L. H.,
Des Moines, Ia.

Of course you can resign at your discretion if you feel you've made a bad bargain, but I'll bet you'd not even consider that. You forgot to mention that the Navy provides quarters and subsistence during the sixteen-weeks training period—and that's something. I know you're not griping, so stick it out for the preliminary course, and don't waste time wondering. The Navy Needs You.

* * *

My son is at Camp ——— and I am thinking of making a surprise visit to him on his birthday. Is that advisable?

Mrs. H. L. W., Lancaster, Ohio.

Certainly not, and might very well result in bitter disappointment for you both. Your visit should be enough of a present to your son without the surprise element. Let him know of your plans, and wait for his answer and approval before you start. Arrange to meet him at a specific time and place. If you are going to stay overnight, make certain that accommodations are available. Be sure you know your son's rank, unit, and exact address. And don't discuss them with strangers en route.

* * *

QUIZ QUESTION

Q. To which one of our armed forces would it be appropriate to present a cake with 167 candles on November 10, 1942?

A. The United States Marine Corps. May each succeeding year show as glorious a record for the Corps as has the last.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8	9	▨	10	11	12	13
14					▨	15				▨	16			
17		▨	18		19	▨	20			▨	21			
22		23	▨	24		25		▨	26	27				
28			29	▨	30			31				▨	▨	
▨	▨	32		33	▨	34			▨	35		36	37	
38	39				40	▨	41		42		▨	43		
44						45	▨	46			47			
48			▨	49			50	▨	51					
52			53		▨	54		55	▨	56			▨	▨
	▨	▨	57		58				59	▨	60		61	62
63	64	65				▨	66			67	▨	68		
69				▨	70	71		▨	72		73	▨	74	
75				▨	76			77	▨	78		79		
80				▨	81									

HORIZONTAL

1 They introduced something new to Germany (two words)
10 This is to pish as shally is to shilly
14 Pure-as-the-lily cup
15 The most ancient mariner
16 You can always Read him in puzzles
17 The outskirts of Los Angeles
18 No mental giant he
20 A speech by Hitler
21 The dept. Jr. looks forward to longie-ly
22 The mitey leader of the Giants
24 First word in Broadway entertainment
26 Best lip for licking big envelopes
28 O easy! [Ed. note: Shane spelling!]
30 *Hippoglossus hippoglossus*, and very nice when fried Friedays
32 You'll get the bird, if you get this
34 It has four legs, is covered with down, squeaks, and people do a lot of lying about it
35 Capital invested by Nazis
38 Phony glamour cloth
41 It's made of waist material
43 'Ark (cockney)
44 Some dot i's, cross t's, these wet s's
46 Hangout for lawyers
48 Singular thing for Benito to fear next March
49 A solemn warning has been given monophonically to cease digitally propelling this aimlessly
51 "Made a MESS out of an MSS.!" cried the much-cut author
52 Kind of broadcasting done with the bugle
54 Feathered dive bomber
56 Onward Gallant Russia! (abbr.)
57 Commence again
60 Things dames in slacks can't let down

B	A	B	A	■	E	D	A	M	■	P	A	V	E	S
E	M	I	T	■	M	E	T	A	■	A	W	A	R	E
T	I	N	E	■	A	N	O	N	■	R	E	S	I	N
A	S	E	■	S	N	I	P	■	F	A	■	E	N	D
■	S	T	R	E	A	M	■	T	O	G	A	■	■	■
■	■	■	E	A	T	■	D	E	R	O	G	A	T	E
L	O	P	■	M	E	L	O	N	■	N	O	M	A	D
A	R	I	D	■	S	A	L	O	N	■	G	A	P	E
C	A	N	I	S	■	B	O	R	A	L	■	H	E	N
E	L	E	V	A	T	O	R	■	V	I	M	■	■	■
■	■	■	E	M	I	R	■	T	I	R	A	D	E	■
E	L	F	■	I	N	■	S	A	G	E	■	A	L	A
P	I	L	E	S	■	C	O	C	A	■	A	R	A	N
I	M	A	G	E	■	A	D	I	T	■	B	E	N	T
C	A	P	O	N	■	M	A	T	E	■	A	D	D	S

Last week's answer

63 The Farthest North
66 It makes women twitch their hands and men stretch their eyes openmouthed
68 Old age
69 The call to attention
70 Overworked Highpocketed Underwearsalesman (abbr.)
72 Svedish Jap, a noisy island, and what our marines make a Jap do
74 Outstanding Ears and a poet's heart
75 Smalla towna in da Newa Horder
76 Outstretched thing that greets you at swank hotels
78 Mussolini's chief contribution to the war effort
80 Twosies (mus.)
81 There's been a falling off of it among amateur paper hangers

VERTICAL

1 The American home this fuelless winter
2 Waste gas around Congress
3 Overnourished Adenoids (abbr.)
4 There's no fuel like this warm old fuel
5 Hay burner
6 A most indefinite little article
7 Gateway to Mehiko (Ariz.)
8 First receiving set
9 One of the biggest plants in the country
10 It' so saucy, no wonder it gets canned!
11 Condition of mouth of sleeping senator
12 Tear a tonsil titillatingly
13 Lost
19 Hag seen from the far end
23 Achoo flies
25 Most scently prestincts on the campus
27 Dishon. Jap code of dishonor
29 B-4s
31 Gals famed in song by cider swillers
33 What women have swapped for acetylene torches
36 It manufactured the first clothes in the Garden of Eden (two words)
37 No matter what comes, Malta'll always be one
38 What nocturnal furniture bumpers should wear to bed
39 Wopera
40 Blue Eagle (extinct) (abbr.)
42 Mrs. Wolf's a what?
45 Ex-sultan known for work on diamonds
47 Hard by
50 One of the many plants, excluding manufacturing plants, producing rubber
53 Dogs on scentry duty will detect foes by these
55 The SS. Noah seen from the rear
58 These sure get the brakes!
59 Jangle the nerves
61 He aimed at this but got a red mackinaw
62 Tojo's lip has a permanent one
64 Youse in de gude olde dayes
65 The office football (abbr.)
67 Zola's best girl
71 He went into a restaurant for a cuppa cawfee and a this
73 A little green house
77 Why you'll feel the pinch in the army (abbr.)
79 Ima Dope (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Will your Scalp stand the Fingernail Test?

1. SCRATCH YOUR HEAD and see for yourself. Is loose ugly dandruff spoiling the good looks of your hair? Don't let it! Use Wildroot-*with-Oil.* The famous Wildroot formula that's been chasing dandruff scales for 30 years, plus pure *vegetable* oil that grooms without grease...

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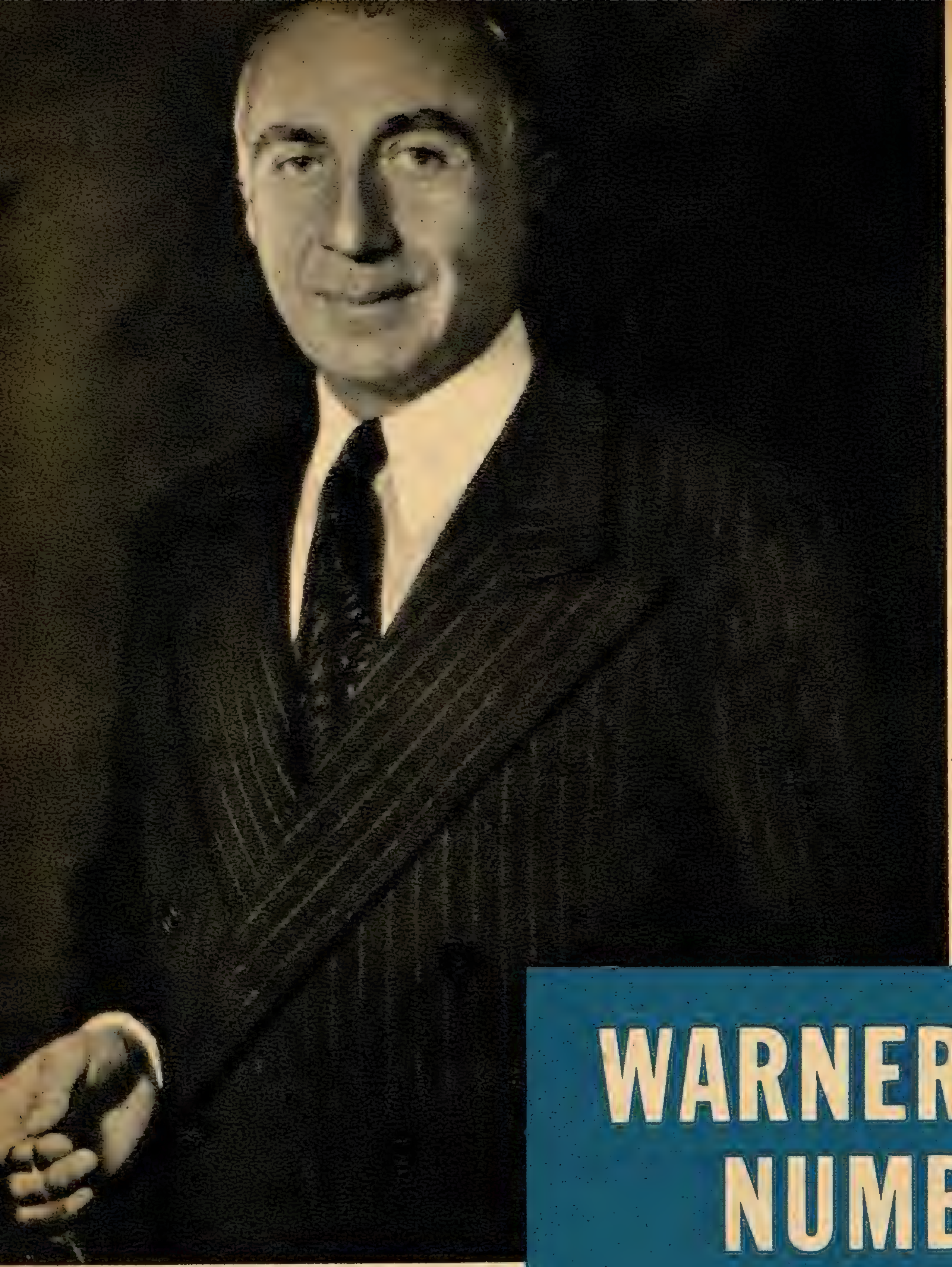
WILDROOT

3 ACTION WITH OIL

REGULAR FORMULA [NON OILY]

WILDROOT
WITH OIL
for the hair
3-ACTION
WILDROOT
for the hair



Quiet-spoken unpretentious Harry M. Warner, the benevolent tyrant of his movie kingdom.

WARNER BROTHER NUMBER ONE

More high spots in the fabulous career of a man who ran nickels into millions

BY FREDERICK VAN RYN

TWO weeks ago Liberty began the story of the amazing rise of Harry M. Warner, sixty-one-year-old president of Warner Brothers studios. The first chapter told of his early days running nickelodeons, of his first try at making a really important picture after persuading former ambassador James W. Gerard to turn down an offer of $75,000 for the screen rights to My Four Years in Germany and let the Warner Brothers have it in return for a percentage of the profits. The picture was made on borrowed money and, finished, it looked as though it would go begging, for a theater monopoly prevented the Warners from getting a place to show it. They had what looked like a sure-fire hit in their vault and they couldn't cash in on it.

PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON was about to move his belongings out of the White House when Benjamin Warner, a mild-spoken, Russian-born resident of Lynchburg, Virginia, told his oldest son Harry that he didn't have the foggiest notion where their next meal was coming from. The boy was yet to celebrate his eleventh birthday. It was his fourth year in the country of opportunity.

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York was about to be nominated for the Presidency in Chicago when Harry M. Warner, president of Warner Brothers, a motion-picture company which owned five hundred theaters, was told by his legal advisers that it was to be either bankruptcy or receivership. Mr. Warner was fifty-one. Five summers before, he had revolutionized the industry by introducing sound.

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES

The forty-two years that intervened between those two momentous announcements saw him rise and fall and rise again on half a dozen occasions. His venture into the scrap-iron field was choked by the great depression of 1893. The $40,000 he made in Youngstown, Ohio, where he sold meat, repaired shoes and bicycles, and ran a bowling alley, were reduced to ashes in the rich man's panic of 1903. Some $200,000, gathered by him and his brothers in their film exchange business, melted like snow in 1913. He met with an equal disaster in 1916. He came dangerously close to losing his shirt in the boom days of the Coolidge market, when he sold himself—but no one else—on the idea of talking pictures. And, finally, he shook hands with that Ol' Devil Ruination in the early 1930s, while Mr. Hoover was still talking about the prosperity just around the corner. Strangely enough, Mr. Warner managed to lose exactly nothing in the collapse of 1907, but this may be explained by the fact that in that particular year he didn't have a dime.

As can be expected from a hero of depressions, there is nothing Pollyannish about him or his philosophy. Life has never been easy but always an invigorating liver-shaker-upper for the present owner of the W-L Ranch in California. Nowadays, when he takes a visitor on a tour of inspection of his Shangri-La, past a long row of stalls where he keeps his blue-blooded champions, he is prone to interrupt the recital of his victories and defeats with a deep sigh or a morose aside. He is not sure if the game was actually worth the candle. Once in a while he has a sneaking suspicion that the whole thing might have been in vain. Not his racing stable or the dairy farm—he loves his thoroughbreds. Not his great green ranch hidden in the gray hills of Hollywood—he wouldn't exchange it for the most up-to-date hotel in Manhattan. But those many, altogether too many, bitter battles which he had to fight in the course of

A clever Warner build-up aroused public curiosity about Ann Sheridan and elevated her to stardom.

his variegated career. What was it all about, anyway? Would he do it again if given a second chance?

Some people grow up. The others merely grow old. The boy who started his business life as an apprentice in a cobbler's shop seems to have grown up. He is at his happiest when he recalls his adolescence and early youth. He is at his gloomiest when he talks of those other years, the years of struggle with the robber barons of New York and Hollywood. It was fun to walk into a bank at Youngstown, Ohio, at the age of fifteen, and announce to a bewildered vice-president that he was about to buy his first house. It was hell on earth to try to muscle in on the motion-picture industry. Al Capone may have done a fairly competent job out of cornering the beer racket in the 1920s, but the Scarface was a piker in comparison with those grimly determined, stop-at-nothing, kill-the-daring-intruder gentlemen who controlled the "flickers" in the 1910s.

It pays to be inconspicuous. So long as the offspring of the Warner family were content with running a few nickelodeons in small towns in Ohio and Pennsylvania, they didn't know the real meaning of the word trouble. They would rent an empty store and borrow a bunch of chairs from a local undertaker and get hold of an old print of The Great Train Robbery or some other thriller of the period. They would fake up a projection machine which looked more like a beer barrel than a projection machine, and—bingo!—the nickels would start rolling in. Their sister Rose would be selling tickets, their kid brother Jack would act as an usher and a general entertainer, their brother Sam would do his best by their version of a projection machine, their brother Harry would keep a weather eye on the whole proceedings, and there was nothing to it.

Unfortunately for their digestions and peace of mind, the Warners never came across that sound and sensible French proverb according to which "The better is an archenemy of the good." The way they figured it out, it was just as natural for a man to look for a better place as it was for a fish to look for deeper waters. The first thing they knew, they opened an office in New York, and came to grips with a coterie of strong-arm thinkers who believed that people from Youngstown, Ohio, had no right to transact business on Broadway or even Seventh Avenue.

Within five short years the never-say-die brothers had their faces pushed in twice. On both occasions they had succeeded in building up a chain of film exchanges, only to be disqualified on a technicality. The Supreme Court might have given them the decision, but the nearest they got to the Supreme Court was the office of an outspoken gent who told them that they would either have to sell their chain of exchanges for about 10 per cent of value or kiss good-by to the whole thing.

Finally, after several more skirmishes and disorderly retreat actions (in which they dropped the rest of their film money), the Warners understood that they were not exactly welcome in the film-distributing field. They decided that it would be prudent to make their own pictures rather than wait for the other fellow to help them out. So off to California went brothers Sam and Jack, carrying with them a great deal of courage and a small camera. They hired a dilapidated barn in Hollywood at sixty dol-

Popular Gary Cooper in the high-ranking Warner Brothers picture, Sergeant York.

Bette Davis and George Brent in Warners' Dark Victory. Right: Bette Davis again, with Miriam Hopkins in The Old Maid.

lars a month and went to work. They knew very little about the art of picturemaking, but they were convinced they couldn't possibly know less than their competitors.

One of their first offerings to the entertainment-starved public was a tasty dish by the name of The Glass Coffin. Harry Warner recalls a girl who at that time worked in his New York office. The possessor of a blue cape, she hid a print of The Glass Coffin so carefully that she was actually able to deliver it to an exhibitor on Thirty-fourth Street without being molested. West of the Hudson River there was a lamentable shortage of blue capes, and The Glass Coffin did not do so well.

However, there is (or was) at least one theater-owner in the United States who has never forgotten The Glass Coffin. Having received a wire from New York advising him that the great masterpiece had been shipped to him care of the local postmaster, he went straight to the post office and asked, "Did you receive The Glass Coffin?" "No," said the postmaster. "Not even a wooden one." "You don't understand," said the theater-owner. "I don't mean just an ordinary coffin. I mean The Glass Coffin. The Warners made it in California. It was shipped to me from New York." "I see," grumbled the postmaster. "So our own undertaker isn't good enough for you! You're one of those guys that patronize a New York slicker and let your fellow citizen starve." "Look here," said the theater-owner. "You still don't understand. . . ." So on into the night. P.S. The Glass Coffin never reached the fellow.

My Four Years in Germany, a picture based on the best-selling book by James W. Gerard, American ambassador in Berlin, was the first "super-colossal" epic produced by the Warners. No other picture that they were to turn out in the following twenty-five years, not even The Life of Emile Zola, or Sergeant York, meant so much to them as the story of Gerard's adventures at Kaiser Wilhelm's court. They produced it on other people's money. They fought boycott, blackmail, and threats of bodily punishment in order to have it released, and when they finally succeeded in persuading Klaw & Erlanger to let them have the Knickerbocker Theater, their future was assured for at least a short spell. My Four Years in Germany was a smash hit. So much so that, in spite of the fact that some 80 per cent of the net profit went into the pockets of their backers, the Warners came out of the great struggle with enough money to start a new life.

It was a new life in every sense of the word. From now on the battle-scarred brothers were determined to produce first-rate pictures only, and always on their own money. And it was during that knock-down, drag-out fight for the right to release My Four Years in Germany that Harry Warner acquired his passion for buying theaters, real-estate property, other picture companies, studios, costume concerns, and everything else pertaining to the making and the showing of a motion picture.

The story of his ranch ranks high among Hollywood legends. His associates swear that when Harry bought it, his original intention was to spend not more than $10,000—just a simple farmhouse. Then things began to happen. It occurred to him that the ranch, situated as it was in a green valley surrounded by majestic mountains, was an ideal location for the shooting of outdoor scenes. His production department agreed with him but pointed out that the mountains were a bit too close to each other. "That's all right," said Harry. "We'll move them apart."

And move them he did. By that time he had put enough money in the project to justify a few minor additions—such as a half-mile race track, several miles of paved highways, a most elaborately equipped dairy farm, a gigantic smokehouse, etc., etc.

"That is why," say his associates, "we nearly hit the ceiling when Harry was summoned by a Senate investigating committee last year. Not that we were afraid of that investigation. We knew he would come through with flying colors. What really worried us was what he would say and do when he discovered the shortage of accommodations in Washington. And sure enough, at the end of his very first day in the national capital he began toying with the idea of building a penthouse on the top of a Warner theater there."

Waddill Catchings, a prominent Wall Street banker, was about the first man in America to diagnose Harry Warner's case properly. The latter went to see him in 1925, to enlist his firm's financial aid in acquiring a patent for the making of sound pictures (a patent that belonged to the American Telephone & Telegraph Company). The wise Mr. Catchings said, after listening to Harry's plea:

"My dear Mr. Warner, you can have all the money you want, but if you don't mind, I would like one of my partners to accompany you to the Bell Laboratories. It isn't that I mistrust you, but I am afraid that, left to your own devices, you'd wind up by buying the whole telephone company."

So, on the memorable afternoon of 1925 when Harry sat in the Bell

Laboratory downtown in New York, hearing the miracle of sound, he had a shrewd financial adviser on his right, ready to step in and keep him from buying the telephone company. Unbeknown to the telephone people, the Warners were fully aware of the fact that all the major motion-picture concerns dismissed sound as a foolish invention likely to cause more harm than good. Their attitude neither surprised nor upset Harry. He realized that he and they were in different boats. They owned scores and scores of magnificent motion-picture palaces that could afford symphony orchestras and extravagant "prologues." The Warners at that time didn't have a single theater to their name. Their only chance was to get hold of something that would revolutionize the industry and its methods.

The show offered by the Bell Laboratory consisted of two parts. First a short sketch; then the recording of several musical numbers. The human voices sounded poor. Static made it almost impossible to understand the words. But the music made a great impression on Harry. He thought of the numberless owners of small motion-picture houses throughout the country that could not afford even a string quartet, let alone a symphony orchestra, and he saw the shape of things to come. Then and there he closed his deal with the telephone people. Then and there he signed what missed by inches of becoming his death verdict.

The legal aspects of the battle of sound were too involved to describe in detail here. The Warners fought for their existence. With every cent of their capital invested in sound equipment, which they bought for the none too willing exhibitors, they had to win or perish. The major picture companies fought, tooth and nail, against the unwelcome invention which threatened to disrupt their corporate structure. New sets of lawyers were hired almost every month. Injunctions and counter-injunctions flew in clouds. The New York courts, the Delaware courts, the California courts, the Washington courts, boards of arbitrators—everything was tried, but the battle still dragged on. When it was finally called off, it was not because either opponent was willing to concede defeat but because all parties concerned, even the lawyers, were too exhausted to continue throwing briefs and demurrers at each other.

The result of the battle was a victory for Harry Warner—a bitter victory perhaps (he felt he had aged by at least twenty-five years) and a costly one (to the tune of $2,000,000) but still a victory. He had proved—at least to his own satisfaction—that a man can defeat monopoly. Nowadays, when he mentions that word "monopoly," he goes pale and takes a drink of water. Monopoly may mean lots of things to other people. To him it means just one thing—five long years of sleepless nights.

The guns were still roaring and the lawyers were still collecting fancy fees when, right in the midst of a particularly ferocious onslaught which threatened to annihilate the Warners, Harry made an unexpected move. Instead of husbanding every cent for financing the "war," he turned around and bought in quick succession the First National Pictures Company and the Stanley Circuit of theaters. The first purchase put him in control of the most modern studios in the world and of a well organized network of exchanges. The second purchase provided a substantial nucleus for the present chain of five hundred Warners theaters. Now he was in a position not only to produce talking pictures but actually to show them to the public.

A few days after he took over the First National, Harry discovered the existence of a sharp-eyed young man by the name of Charles Einfeld. As of today, Einfeld is recognized as an expert promotion man. Back in the late 1920s he was merely a disgruntled assistant in the publicity de-

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"I'll take a blue one."

partment of First National who was at the point of committing hara-kiri because no one ever thought of giving him a raise. Much to his delight and surprise, his new bosses elevated him at once. He was told he was to be their director of publicity and advertising manager.

Einfeld proved to be the answer to Harry Warner's prayer for better and more spectacular campaigns. Harry Warner was exactly the type of man Einfeld had always wanted to work for. Between the two of them, they dreamed up some of the most daring publicity and promotion stunts pulled in the last ten years.

IT was Einfeld, encouraged and abetted by the Warners, who startled the public and the critics by billing Paul Muni as *Mr.* Paul Muni. "Warner Brothers [so read his famous advertisement] take pride in presenting *Mr.* Paul Muni in The Life of Emile Zola." "Mr." was set in large italics. No one could have missed it. No one did. The columnists jumped on it right away. They kidded the pants off Warner Brothers, Paul Muni, and Charles Einfeld. They said that, considering that even Sarah Bernhardt had not been billed as "Mme. Sarah Bernhardt," the thing was utterly preposterous. But they kept on writing about it. Which was exactly what the Warners hoped and prayed for. The exhibitors, who up to that moment had evidenced no interest in a picture dealing with a bearded Frenchman, suddenly rushed to buy it. The managers of theaters all over the country received thousands of letters from impatient patrons clamoring for that movie, whatever its name, with *Mr.* Paul Muni.

When all was over, the Warners discovered that there was gold, tons of it, in that one word Mister. The Life of Emile Zola was expected to lose money. Instead, it made about $3,000,000.

It was likewise the teamwork of Einfeld and the Warners that was responsible for a new way of creating motion-picture stars. The usual Hollywood proceeding was to try to outbid all competitors. Einfeld had no sympathy with that method. Ditto the Warners. They decided they would find stars in their own back yard. It was, and still is, Harry's and Einfeld's contention that a talented young player can be made into a star of first magnitude if he or she be given a proper build-up.

Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Errol Flynn started at the very bottom with the Warners. Miss Sheridan's case is probably the most remarkable one. The Warners acquired her at something like seventy-five dollars a week because no one else wanted her. Day in and day out, using all conceivable means short of homicide, Einfeld kept on spreading the Sheridan gospel in the American press. She was yet to be given a prominent part when he was already flooding the newspapers with stories describing the girl's amazing beauty, remarkable figure, refreshing personality, superb sense of humor, etc., etc. He followed up his stories by long-distance calls to gossip columnists. When asked why in heaven's name the possessor of all those magnificent qualifications was not given a big part by the Warners, he ignored the question but said softly, "I'll tell you, my boy. She is the kind of a girl that revives one's faith in femininity." That was irresistible. Even Walter Winchell, though smelling a rat, could not refuse to support the revival of faith in femininity.

EINFELD was not the only man discovered by Harry Warner. Way back in the 1920s Harry came across two youngsters working in his organization. One of them, a short, fast-thinking lad from Nebraska, tried to write stories and was a clerk in the scenario department. The other, a stockily built, monosyllabic fellow from New York, used to manage a theater and came West for his health. He had a desk in the publicity department. Harry and his brothers had a hunch that both boys would go far. They were not mistaken. The youngster from Nebraska eventually became the production head, first of Warners, then of Twentieth Century-Fox. His name is Darryl F. Zanuck. The silent guy from New York did equally well. He is Hal B. Wallis. He produced for Warners such pictures as Dark Victory, The Old Maid, Sergeant York, and Yankee Doodle Dandy. And is about to begin shooting This Is the Army.

This knack for finding orchids and gardenias in a cabbage patch puts Harry Warner in a class by himself. Other motion-picture magnates rely on their checkbooks—he prefers to trust his hunches. A man of strenuous likes and dislikes, he speaks his mind freely.

Last year, when he appeared before the Senate Investigating Committee in Washington and tried to explain his methods of operating to that body, he was told that his story was a bit too good to be true. One senator in particular, a rabid isolationist who could not forgive the Warners their anti-Nazi films, kept on repeating, "I don't mean to question what you say, Mr. Warner, but I must remind you that your testimony conflicts with that of the president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. They don't seem to be operating the way you do. Why is that? Aren't you in the same business?"

"We are, senator," said Harry Warner, wiping his glasses. "But there is one difference between us. The gentleman you refer to *inherited* his business. I built mine up from nothing."

Further incidents in the spectacular career of Harry Warner will appear in an early issue.

Here is the attractive lounge at Franklin Simon's New York store where working girls can get expert advice on clothes budgeting and war careers.

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

"DEB clothes are defunct for the duration. Wartime styles must be aimed at girls who work." The lady who says so is Mrs. Claire Lang, progressive new fashion director at Franklin Simon's nationally known stores. I think her ideas about a new dress deal for working girls put her high up on the list of business women worth listening to. "Time is the problem," she told me. "It takes time to buy clothes cleverly, and girls who work haven't much time to spare. We are experimenting with a special department where they can have tray lunches, forty to sixty cents, while trying on garments or being fitted. A health dietitian supervises the meals. In a lounge like a clubroom the girls can have expert advice on clothes budgeting, and other counselors will assist them in choosing suitable war careers. We are also establishing a service in the store where, for one dollar, girls can come in after office hours, from 5 to 6 P. M., and get ready for evening dates—take a bubble bath, fix hair, make up, and change clothes. Time and transportation are difficult for girls at work in large cities. And they deserve every chance to look their best." . . . Claire Lang herself is as vivacious and modern as her ideas. Budapest born, married to a professor of psychology, she was trained as an artist and advertising woman; has been a merchandise executive for six years. . . . As to wardrobe wisdom for war, she says: Take care of all your clothes. Change out of your business suit as soon as you get home from work. Use reliable cleaners. Keep in touch with new things on the market. Watch the new American fabrics and designs. They're getting better and better as the need for them grows.

WHAT happens around a small-town home when news arrives that a son fighting overseas has been honored for bravery? I've often wondered, and now I know. Saw it happen in an Ohio town where I was visiting. The pride and love that was felt went radiating in all directions. The boy's mother has improved her looks in every possible way so she will be a credit to him socially. Father has negotiated a bank loan to expand his grocery trade. Young sister has a dozen new admirers, and younger brother can barely wait for his enlistment age. Relatives and friends are shining. It was fine to behold!

SMART new trimmings of Scottish plaid are thrifty and pretty. A young actress of my acquaintance binds collar and pockets of a simple black dress with gay plaid ribbon; laces her black suède shoes with plaid ribbon to match. . . . Equally effective are draped turbans and gloves of matching plaid. . . . Or deep cuffs faced with wool plaid on the loose sleeves of a green velvet dress, and a pocketbook of the same wool plaid.

CAN'T understand why the soldiers complain about kitchen-police duty," writes a California bride. "My husband and I were married not long before he went in the army, and he used to say it was fun washing dishes for me." . . . Yes, dear; but you aren't a mess sergeant—and, as you say, your husband hadn't been married long.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES

OYSTERS were on the menu at many of our old-time Thanksgiving dinners, and they're a sensible item to include this year, since they help the meat cover more territory. Serve these *Potato Oyster Cakes* either with hot roast turkey or cold sliced: . . . To make 4, mix 2 cups mashed potatoes with 1 egg and 1 teaspoon minced onion. Form into cakes 1 inch thick. Chill. Split each cake and insert 3 raw oysters dusted with cracker crumbs. Press cakes back in shape; brush with cream; set in shallow baking dish and bake 20 minutes in brisk oven.

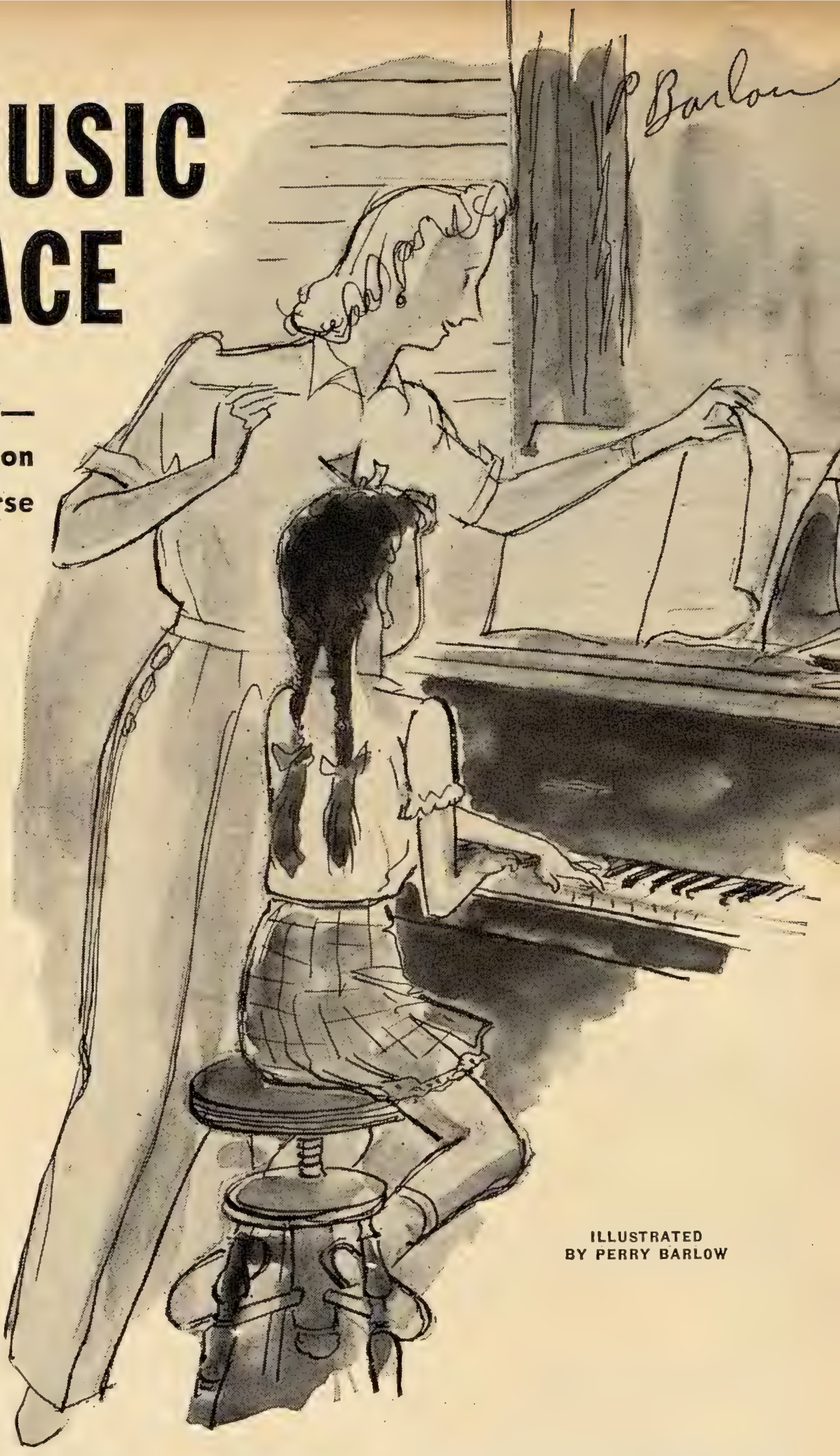
CHILDREN like to learn new war songs. Beatrice Goldsmith and Sam Morgenstern have presented twelve in a 35-cent booklet called Win-the-War Ballads. (Published by the Edward B. Marks Music Corporation.) Useful for parents and teachers.

"FATHER is making my son a toy motorcar. We never see motorcars here any more, and he does not want the child to grow up and be frightened or ignorant when he first sees one." That was in a family letter from war-grim China to Helena Kuo, Chinese newspaperwoman now here. She quotes it in her interesting book, I've Come a Long Way. . . . I laid the book down when a neighbor dropped in with a three-year-old son. Said the neighbor: "Today I took this kid of mine for his first ride on a public bus. He was so scared I had to bring him home by taxi. He's never ridden before in anything but our own jaloppy." . . . Same war in Connecticut as in China!

PUTTING MUSIC IN ITS PLACE

Your youngster hate to practice?—A concert pianist offers advice on making music a joy and not a curse

BY ROBERT ARMBRUSTER



ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY BARLOW

SO you think that Junior or little Mary "should start taking piano lessons." Why? Better answer that question before you mistreat either your money or your offspring.

Don't inflict music lessons on your child simply because you possess a handsome piano, or because the Jones kid is "doing so well at her music," or because you're determined that he "must have advantages" you never had, or because *you* love music. If you feel that way, take yourself to a teacher.

Ask yourself: "Does my child love music enough to want to take music?" That's the question. The only sure way to get an honest answer is to expose him to music, then allow him plenty of time to react.

It's a simple matter nowadays to expose a child to music; it takes only a twist of a radio dial. But don't let him think of music as something you want *him* to hear. Let him know *you* enjoy it. Chances are he'll humor you and keep quiet, so that you'll keep quiet during the Lone Ranger program.

Once you have him listening to music as a matter of habit, anything can happen. Going through his head, it may stir his imagination, create a craving for music that no amount of it, ready-made, can ever satisfy. Or it may strike him as just a pleasant din. Respect his tastes.

If his liking for music is purely passive, piano lessons will bore him stiff. But if he is conscious of an urge to make music, he should be exposed to lessons—if you can accept the fact that he may get no more out of them than an increased enjoyment of music.

OLD wives' tales to the contrary, there is no predicting at birth whether or not a child will be musical. My ancestors included no musicians. I'm one of those mutations that never cropped out in the strain before, like the phenomenon a research professor recently reported: a white-eyed fly in a family of red-eyed flies.

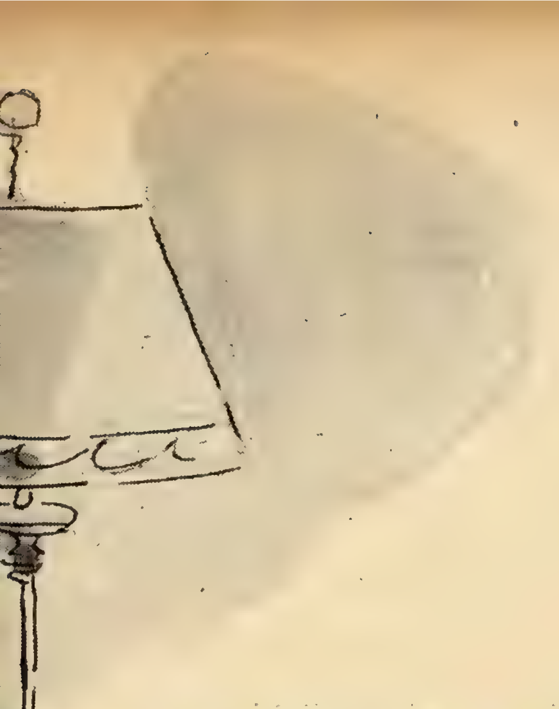
I was born in West Philadelphia, not exactly a music center, before radio and phonographs were commonplace. We had a piano, but it was merely a shelf for family photographs. The only music to which I was exposed came out of a hand organ passing in the street. But—it was enough to give me a love for music.

As soon as I could stand up I was trying to get my hands on the piano keyboard. No one paid any attention. It was natural for a child to like something that helped him make noise. But by the time I was five or six I was picking out hand-organ tunes on the piano with one finger. I was showing a Grade-C talent for making music.

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES

Right there is a very good argument for having a piano in the house. If a child loves music, he'll have a chance to discover for himself that if he tries hard enough *he* can make music—of a kind. Let a child make that discovery for himself, and you'll have something.

My mother and father were very wise. They waited until they were sure of my interest in music before they offered me piano lessons. Then they thought of them only as something that would help me to enjoy music even more.



The ideal teacher is one who understands children as well as music.

Living in a big city and lacking musician friends, they had no line on piano teachers. But again they used their heads. They took me to the finest conservatory in Philadelphia. But before they would enroll me they insisted on meeting the teacher I would have. They wanted to be sure she would understand a child going on seven.

The rest of my life I'll have them to thank for that.

The ideal teacher of the very young is not some one with a passion for technical perfection. It is some one who understands children as well as music; who knows what goes on in children's minds. Some one with infinite patience and unfailing gentleness and a quiet sense of humor and a talent for simple explanation.

Once you have him listening to music as a matter of habit, anything can happen.

I didn't mind playing a piece over and over, but it griped me to practice scales and exercises. That was dull work—and no one could ever have convinced me it wasn't. Fortunately, no one tried.

My teacher told me frankly, "I hated scales and exercises, too. But something told me that until I mastered them I'd never be able to play great music. So I gritted my teeth and went at them." By giving me sympathy and appealing to my imagination she gave me a capacity for hard work which no amount of force ever would have achieved.

Thanks to being awakened, I was soon capable of playing things way beyond my age. Yet I didn't feel I was doing anything extraordinary—except wearing a white suit about which I was ribbed unmercifully by my West Philadelphia friends. Taking piano lessons was bad enough, but that suit was the clincher. For about a month after my first concert (at the age of eight) I had at least one fight a day. If you're going to give your young son piano lessons, it might be wise to give him lessons in fisticuffs on the side.

Grown-ups commented about my total lack of self-consciousness and wondered how any child of eight and a half could have such "poise." The explanation was simple. No one had ever told me that playing the piano was a means of showing off. Neither had any teacher ever said to me, "Now don't you make a mistake!"

IF you want your children to show off, why don't you teach them card tricks instead of giving them piano lessons? It would be simpler and cheaper. It always comes back to that. If you're thinking of your child rather than of your own vanity, wait for him to show an unmistakable urge to make music before you contemplate music lessons for him.

Furthermore, wait to start the lessons until the child shows unmistakable signs of wanting to be taught.

It is pure myth that if a person doesn't start young he'll never be a musician. I know a man, a successful lawyer, married, with a family, who became interested in the cello through phonograph records, and started to study. He went on to musical theory and counterpoint, began composing. Now he is the head of the music department at a big Western university.

Eighteen or nineteen isn't too late to start music lessons. About then any one is old enough to appreciate music as an art and to realize the necessity of practice to become proficient at anything worth doing. But no harm will come of starting music lessons earlier—*if* the child has music in his soul, is taught by the right teachers, and is not asked for more than is in him.

The right teacher will never say, "Don't play popular music, or you won't be able to play classical." A child studying English can read the funnies without having his English affected. The thing is to put each in its proper place.

If his liking for music is purely passive, piano lessons will bore him stiff.

I know a man who owns a record shop. Every Saturday his shop is crowded with jitterbugs buying the latest "platters." But they make regular deposits on sets of symphonic records. They like today's tunes but realize that tomorrow they'll like other tunes. For part of their money they want some music that will give them lasting pleasure.

The right teacher will always play a piece first, and ask a child if he likes it, before assigning it to him for practice. And if he says "No," another will be tried. Forcing him to learn something he doesn't like would be the quickest possible way to kill his interest.

The right teacher will never let a child's music get tied up with unpleasant experiences. I know one talented child who was ruined musically because of a teacher who was determined to "show her off" at a group recital. She assigned this girl to play Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata—without realizing that, while the child could play the piece, she had reached the awkward, self-conscious age and would suffer pure misery if asked to play before strangers. That girl still plays for her own amusement, but has never taken another music lesson.

When a child loses all interest in music lessons, the right parents won't let their vanity scream out in dismay. They won't bludgeon him with reminders about "the money we've spent" and "the hopes we had for you." They'll quietly let him say good-by to teachers. They'll say philosophically, "Even if he never takes another lesson and never learns how to play better, he may still enjoy music!"

THE END

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BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN
Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Vox Pop

"Voice of the People"

HERE'S ANOTHER GOOD NAME—HOW ABOUT MORE?

Keesler Field, Miss.—I respectfully submit the following title for World War II:

Democracy's Fight for Freedom.

Freedom, which was once taken for granted, has a new and enriched meaning today, for every one realizes that the freedom of tomorrow must be purchased by the twin guardians of responsibility and sacrifice. A new spirit of brotherhood is on the horizon.

Fight for freedom today and enjoy the fruits of freedom tomorrow.—*Pvt. M. M. Kornfeld.*

ALL VOX POP GALS ARE BEAUTIFUL

Independence, Calif.—We of the 322d M. P. Escort Guard Company, at Independence, California, half of which comes from New York and half from California, always have some debating as to which state has the prettier girls; so we thought that a contest would settle the argument.

We are having one of the boys write to a paper here in California, and then we will decide.

I am sure that the girls will send their pictures and letters.

We will answer all the letters that they write, thanking them for their co-operation. The winner of this contest will be chosen the Dream Girl of the 322d M. P. —*Pvt. Edward Fitzsimmons, 322d M. P. E. G. Co.*

DREAM GIRL
MISS VOX POP

Come on, girls, send those pictures to Ed right away. We've got a hunch he's going to be a nice guy and let the old V. P. editor have a print of the winning picture. Then we'll add to the Dream Girl's laurels by christening her Miss Vox Pop. —Vox Pop Editor.

DISLIKES SECOND-FRONT INDECISION

Cleveland, Ohio—One of the fundamental ideas of a democratic government is that the governed must have a full share in their governing and therefore must accept the responsibility for its success or failure.

In this war, already avowed to preserve democracy, we must keep this idea foremost in our minds. We who fight this war, we who will accept defeat together or rejoice in victory together, must assume the responsibility of the outcome.

Never before has so great a mass of people been aroused as the British and American people are over the issue of the second front. It has been long resolved that our Russian allies are more than entitled to every bit of aid we can send them. It has long been agreed that the second front would not only vitally aid Russia but would be a long step in the Allied goal toward victory.

Every day the public is exposed to a new so-called enlightened view on the subject. "It can be done." "It can't be done." This only serves to tighten the tension felt over this vital issue.

Nothing would serve to lessen the mounting fury as much as a clear and concise statement by Washington or London. All too many of us ask fearfully, "Are our leaders unaggressive, defensive, and incapable? Is there really serious discord between ourselves and Soviet Russia? What of the unified command?" These doubts must be dispelled now.

I will admit that too much information could aid the enemy. But certainly it is possible for a sincere government to define its intentions without giving secret military information.—*Milton Weiner.*

THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL CHAMPIONSHIP FORM

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Some of you guys thought Brooklyn was going to melt right off the map when the Dodgers lost the pennant. Well, what do you think of the pile of scrap metal we produced? As I write this we've passed the 60,000,000-pound mark and are well on our way to 80,000,000.—*Flatbush Flash.*

SIXTEEN TOO OLD FOR WOODSHED?

Buffalo, N. Y.—A little while ago I was celebrating the last week-end before starting the new term at school. It was about four in the morning when I came home. As I went up to my room, dad and his razor strop were waiting for me at the head of the stairs. Without saying a word, he turned me over his knee and laid the strop across my skin until I was numb.

What I want to know is whether any other girl in this advanced age has been so terribly mistreated, and, if so, what she did about it.—*Sweet Sixteen.*

HE STILL LOOKS LIKE A NICE GUY

Cleveland, Ohio—In September 26 Liberty there was an article called Women in Uniform. Among the pictures shown was one of a "Mickey" Eggert. Below the picture the statement said he was from Tucson, Arizona. This is an error. He is from Bedford, Ohio. This error is causing me quite a bit of embarrassment.—*Mrs. P. Eggert.*

YA WOULDN'T KID US, WOULD YA?

Str. P. J. Hurley—Redbird (October 10 Vox Pop) is right so far, the mighty Yanks may yet tumble!—*Bill Ussery, Steamboat Bill Ussery.*

YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR TROUBLE, BUD

Olympia, Wash.—We can be thankful for one angle of the transportation shortage. At least it will call a halt to these silly intersectional football games. I never could understand why Western teams bothered to play those pantywaists from the East. Out here men are men—and it shows in the autumn scores.

As soon as you little boys from the Atlantic Coast decide that you're big enough to play rough again, just get in touch with one of our small-time outfits along the Pacific. I suggest that we match Columbia, Fordham, and Dartmouth against three of our prep schools for a starter. It should even things up.—*Tall, Tough, and Muscular.*

ANY OTHER NOMINATIONS?

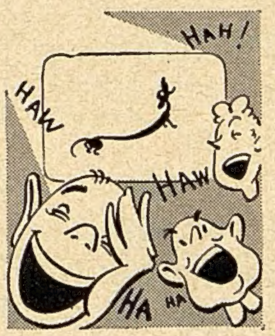
Lander, Wyo.—The 1917 gang wanted a song with humor and kick. There is no evidence so far that the 1942 soldier is any different.

The best song I have heard to date is Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition.—*Reader.*

MAYBE LAUGHS WERE FOR DACHSHUND HALF

Seattle, Wash.—What do you think of the "humor" of people when, during the newsreel of a war-torn town, a picture of a starving mongrel dog is flashed on the screen, and they laugh? He was part German dachshund, but he belonged to a citizen of Czecho-Slovakia!—*D. M. B.*

Philadelphia, Pa.—We'd never think of deriding a person who was in trouble. What is so funny about a starving dog? Yet people actually laughed at this dog during a recent newsreel that showed scenes of one of the occupied countries.—*L. T.*



WHAT SAY, MARINES— IS HE RIGHT?

Ketchikan, Alaska—There are seventy per cent of the U. S. Marines who are continually standing on the glory achieved by the other thirty per cent.

I know, because I spent six years in China, and was disgusted with the loudmouth stay-at-homes on my return. When the war came, I enlisted in the navy, where every one has an honest share of the work.—*F. D. Conradi.*

MUST'VE BEEN A THRILL

Thermopolis, Wyo.—In October 10 Vox Pop Mrs. M. J. Whitlatch says she got a letter about her son's new rating the same day she got Liberty with the picture of a boy writing his mother of his new rank. We had the same experience, as our son was made a corporal at Fort Lewis, Washington, and we received his letter with the news in the same mail we received that magazine.—*Mrs. D. B. Whetstone.*

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TELETYPE TIPS

Advice from inside Washington on trends that will affect our daily lives

STRONG PRESSURE ON IN WASHINGTON FOR "ACROSS THE BOARD" FOOD RATIONING. BLANKET RATIONING WOULD RELIEVE SHORTAGES AND BEGIN EFFECTIVE UNIFORM DISTRIBUTION SYSTEM. WOULD ALSO END HOARDING AND AID HARASSED RETAILERS. SMALL RETAILERS COMPLAIN TO WASHINGTON ABOUT LOSING GOOD WILL OF STEADY CUSTOMERS WHOM THEY CAN'T SUPPLY WITH SCARCE ITEMS SUCH AS COFFEE, TEA, AND OTHER NONRATIONED STAPLES.

POSTMASTER GENERAL WALKER WILL ORDER DELIVERIES CUT GRADUALLY BECAUSE OF TRANSPORTATION AND MAN-POWER SHORTAGES. MORE THAN 16,000 POST-OFFICE EMPLOYEES ALREADY IN ARMED SERVICES. PLAN NOW TO CUT DOWN DELIVERIES AT HOME TO ONE A DAY. YOU WILL BE URGED NOT TO MAIL LARGE PACKAGES, BULKY GIFTS AND OTHER PARCELS UNLESS ESSENTIAL TO WAR EFFORT. PICK-UPS FROM MAIL BOXES WILL ALSO BE RESTRICTED.

SURVEY BY GOVERNMENT OF CHRISTMAS STOCKS SHOWS SUPPLIES WILL BE ADEQUATE IN MOST AREAS, ALTHOUGH CHOICE WILL BE MORE LIMITED THAN LAST YEAR. FEWER XMAS TREES WILL BE ON MARKET IN EASTERN AREAS. ELECTRIC LIGHTS FOR TREE DECORATIONS WILL BE AMPLE, BUT "TREE ICING" WILL BE SCARCE IN MOST PLACES. WOODEN TOYS FOR CHILDREN WILL BE STRESSED IN LARGE STORES. PLENTY OF JEWELRY OF ALL KINDS AVAILABLE. LIQUOR AND CIGARETTES PLENTIFUL, BUT CIGARS MAY NOT KEEP UP WITH DEMANDS.

WASHINGTON SERIOUSLY WORRIED ABOUT POSSIBILITY OF HEATING GAS AND ELECTRIC SHORTAGES IN MANY AREAS. SURVEYS SHOW RECORD SALES OF GAS AND ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES IN RATIONED FUEL AREAS. EASTERN STOCKS ARE DROPPING TO ZERO LEVEL. IF YOU ARE A HOUSEWIFE YOU WILL BE WARNED AGAINST TRYING TO BEAT FUEL SHORTAGE BY BURNING YOUR GAS OVEN OVERTIME.

PAPERBOARD MANUFACTURERS HAVE DEVELOPED NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR METAL GARBAGE CANS. THEY WILL BE ON MARKET SHORTLY.

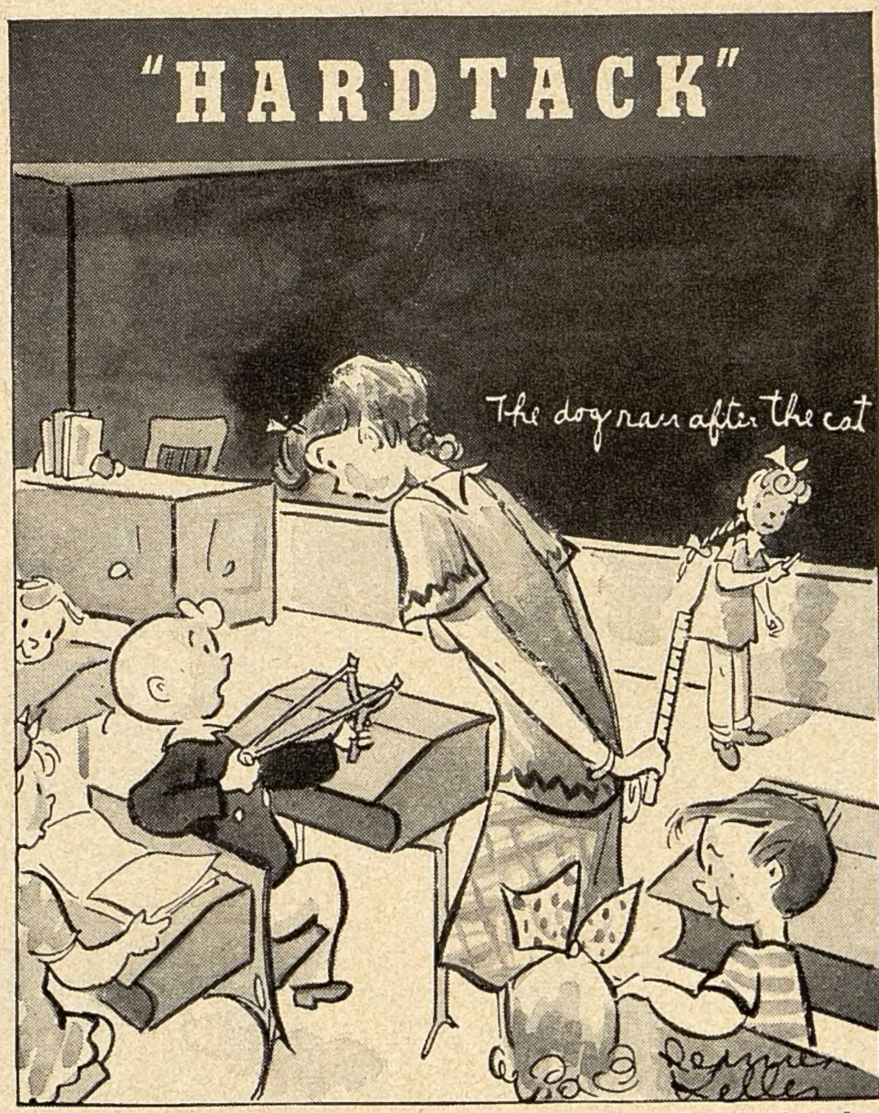
GOVERNMENT BUILDING UP HEMP SUPPLY BY PLANTING 40,000 ACRES IN PANAMA, COSTA RICA, GUATEMALA, AND HONDURAS.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

YOU WILL WANT TO TAKE another look at the cover of this issue of Liberty after you know about the man who made it. Originally an etcher, he went to Hudson Bay to make sketches of dog teams, but his hands froze on the job. Luckily he had a Leica camera and used it for his studies, with such splendid results that he became a camera enthusiast. When color photography came along, he went into it for all it was worth. But he had to take another name. The dignified art galleries and museums that had his etchings thought he ought to have a "commercial name" for his photographs. So Levon West, etcher, became Ivan Dmitri, photographer. Banks sometimes doubt they are the same person--otherwise he's happy as either.

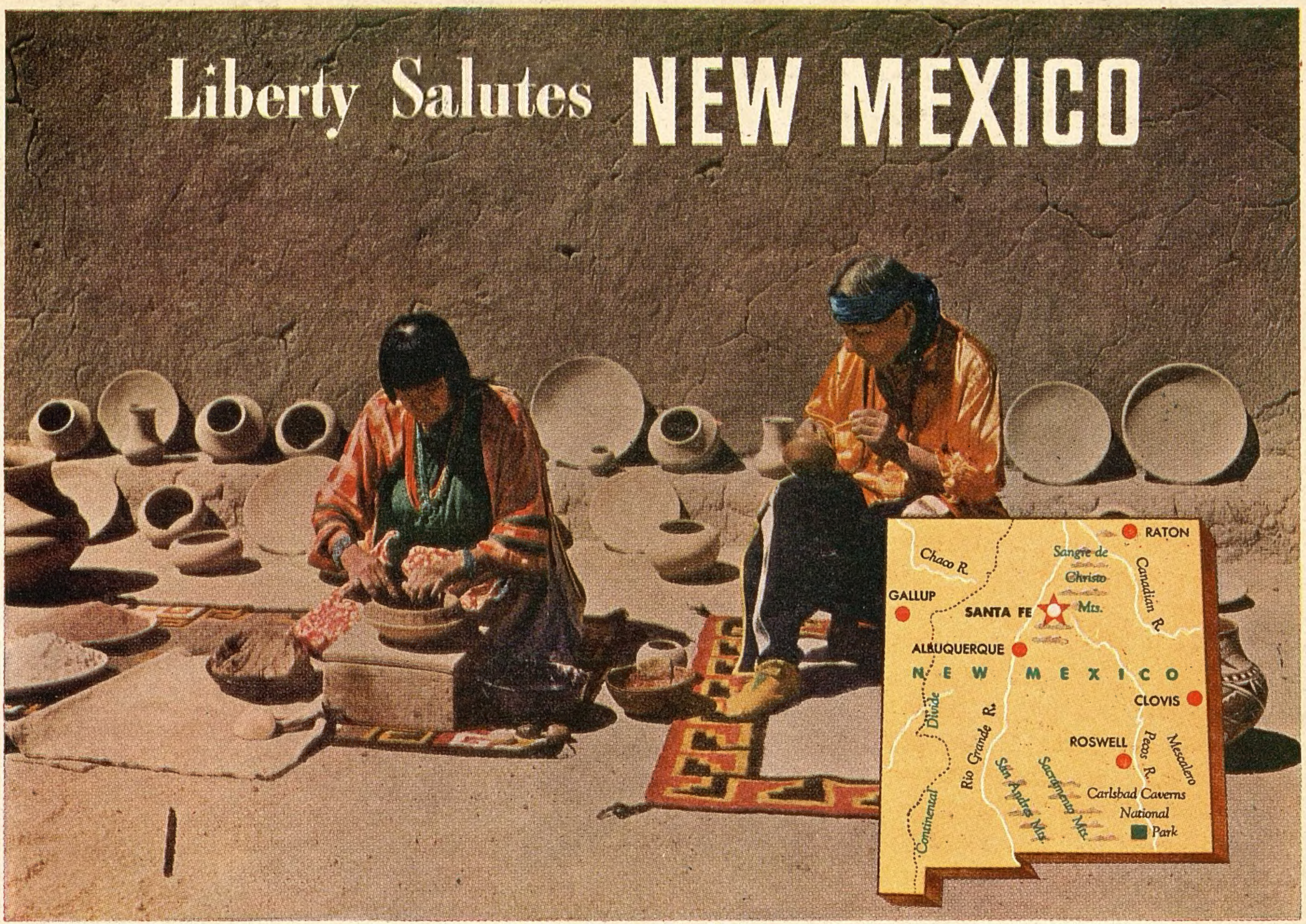
THERE'S GOOD COUNSEL for perplexed parents, especially mothers, in Putting Music in Its Place in this issue. Each fall, thousands of them come up against the old question of whether Willie or Jane ought to take piano lessons. Mr. Armbruster, who is a thorough musician, knows what he's talking about. As a matter of record, he gave his first piano concert at the ripe old age of eight. Since then he has been professor of music at Temple University in Philadelphia, and—more recently—conductor of the orchestras on many of your favorite radio programs. His simple, common-sense advice to parents in Putting Music in Its Place is bound to save a lot of time and heartaches.

The Editors

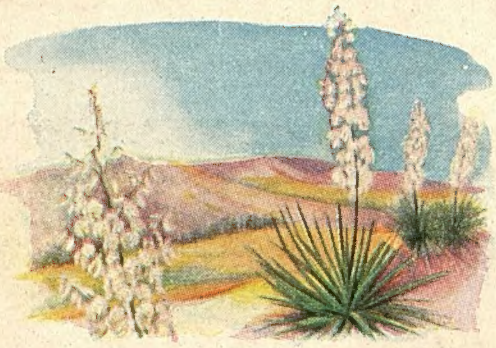


"It's just a piece of chalk. She forgot to put a period after that sentence."

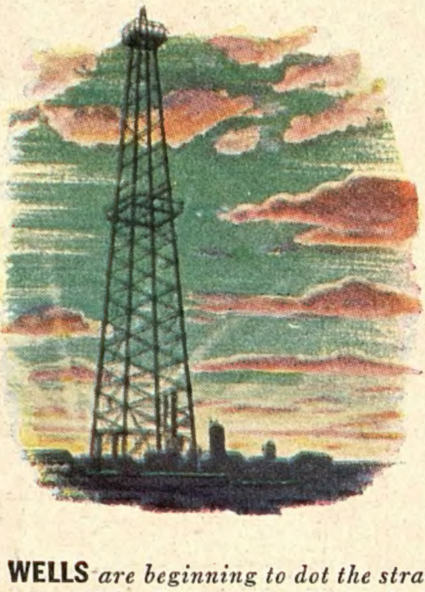
Liberty Salutes NEW MEXICO


RATON
Chaco R.
Sangre de Christo Mts.
Canadian R.
GALLUP
SANTA FE
ALBUQUERQUE
NEW MEXICO
CLOVIS
Continental Divide
Rio Grande R.
San Andres Mts.
Sacramento Mts.
ROSWELL
Pecos R.
Mescalero
Carlsbad Caverns National Park

Pueblo Indians working adobe pottery.



YUCCA, *New Mexico's flower, is a lily-like plant with white bell-shaped drooping flowers emerging from a crown of sword-shaped leaves. It grows in sandy soil and needs much sun.*



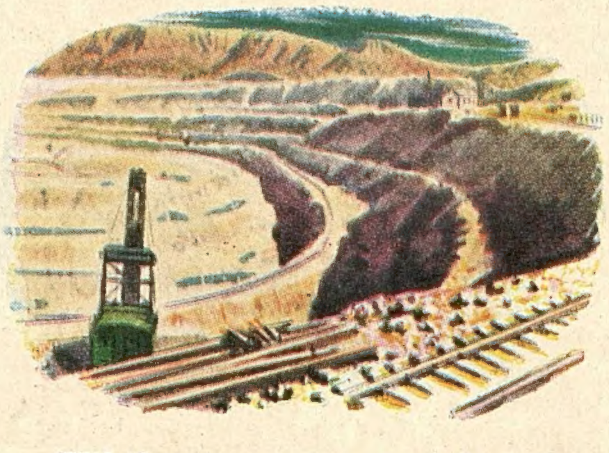
OIL WELLS *are beginning to dot the strange "other world" landscape of New Mexico. Modern towers of steel, these great oil derricks stand in startling contrast to old Pueblo ruins.*

THE Land of Enchantment is an accurate name for an amazing state. Santa Fe is the second oldest town in America but it is a virtual newcomer compared to the great Pueblo Indian civilization that dates back to 900. The ruins of Pueblo villages still stand, monuments to a people who developed their own drama, religion, and government.

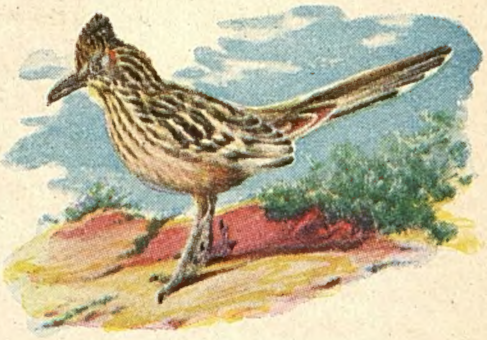
The state has undeveloped coal lands estimated at 192,000,000,000 tons, unmined gypsum estimated at 33,000,000 tons. Its Great White Sands are 100 per cent pure gypsum where even the field mice are white as ermine.

Its Carlsbad Caverns tunnel for undiscovered miles under the Guadalupe Mountains.

A strange land of sun, and of old and new civilizations.



THIS IS *the largest copper mine in the world, located at Santa Rita. Copper is just one item in New Mexico's lively mining production. It includes gold, silver lead, zinc, and potash.*



THE ROAD RUNNER *or chaparral cock is New Mexico's bird. Both names fit it—it lives in and blends with the chaparral growth, and it runs at amazing speed.*

CATTLE BRANDING *is virtually an annual spring festival for the still functioning American cowboy in this state, where thousands of cattle roam the range.*

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